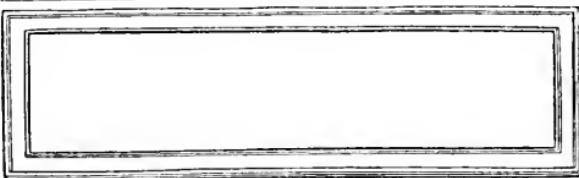


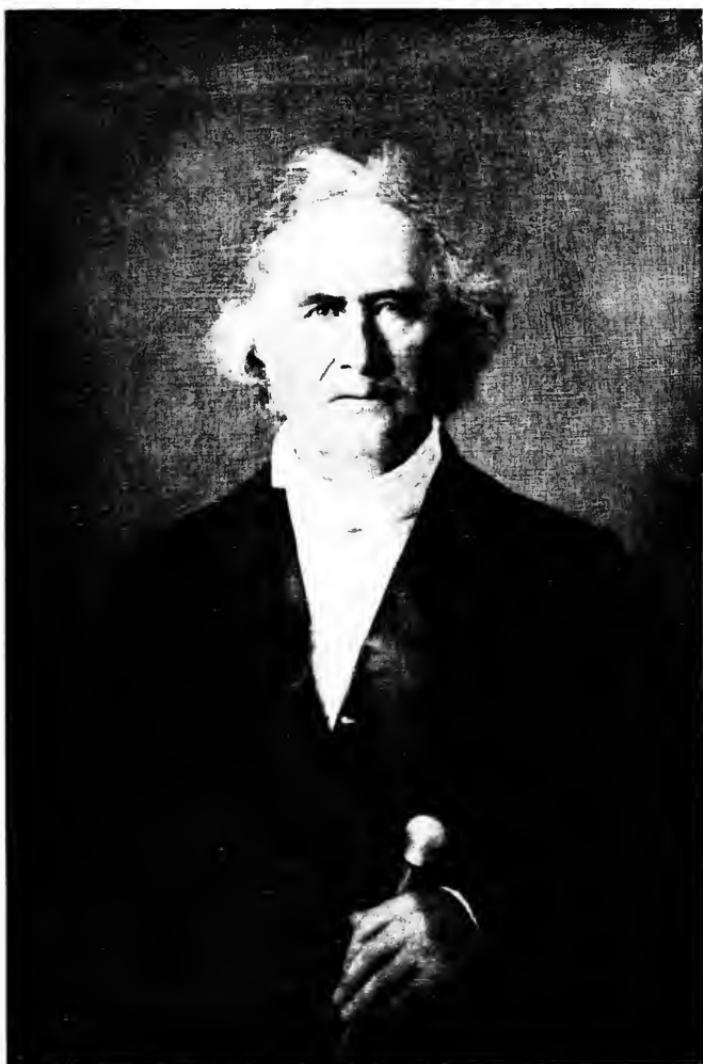
THE STORY OF
JOHN ADAMS
A NEW ENGLAND
SCHOOLMASTER

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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THE STORY OF
JOHN ADAMS
A NEW ENGLAND
SCHOOLMASTER
BY
M. E. B.
AND
H. G. B.

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
M D C C C C

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TO
AUNT EMILY

*The merry child
The devoted daughter
The trusted fellow-worker
And the strong staff
Of her Father's
Declining years*

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

*“ The high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life’s ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.”*

—LOWELL.

THOSE who are familiar with the educational history of Massachusetts will remember that for many years Dr. John Adams was the Principal of one of her most important schools, the Phillips Academy in Andover. Others may chance to recall that he has his own little niche in literature as the schoolmaster of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the subject of the often quoted lines,

“ *Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His most of all whose Kingdom is a school.*”

And to still others his name will come with a claim upon their affectionate interest, as being that of the father of one so widely known and deeply loved as was Dr. William Adams, the pastor of the Madison Square Church in New York City.

It is to the last connection that this little book owes its origin. Dr. Adams long felt that his father's work was worthy of some permanent memorial. Outwardly uneventful, his ninety years were full of more than ordinary usefulness. To have built up one of the historic schools of New England; to have set the impress of a sterling character upon some thousands of American girls and boys; to have become, in extreme old age, a pioneer of civilization in a great western State—this surely is to deserve the grateful memory of those who come after.

It was Dr. Adams's hope himself to tell the story which is here briefly given. But in the press of his busy life the necessary leisure never came. It has been left for a later generation to take up the labor of love. The materials which time has spared for such a sketch are scanty. Yet it is hoped that they may be sufficient to preserve for John Adams's descendants the essential features of a character at once intrinsically noble, and interesting as a pure New England type of a past century.

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CHAPTER I
EARLY DAYS

“It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.”
—LAMENTATIONS 3:27.

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

1772-1810

THE New England Schoolmaster, whose story forms the subject of the following pages, was born on the eighteenth day of September, 1772, near the town of Canterbury, Connecticut. His forefathers were simple farming folk, who for several generations preceding his birth had lived in patriarchal fashion in the old homestead, son succeeding father in the cultivation of the soil. In a more remote past, the line of his ancestry unites with that of the two Presidents—John Adams and John Quincy Adams.

On the first page of a notebook in which the Schoolmaster was accustomed to record the musings of his later life we find, copied in a clear,

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firm hand, which shows no trace of the eighty years and more which had passed over the head of the writer, this epitaph : *

*In memory
of
HENRY ADAMS*

who took his flight from the Dragon persecution in Devonshire, England, and alighted with eight sons near Mount Wollaston. † One of his sons returned to England. After taking time to explore the country, four removed to Medfield and the neighboring towns —two to Chelmsford. One only—Joseph—who lies buried here at his left hand, remained here and was an original proprietor of the town of Braintree.

To which the writer adds this note : “ Henry Adams was the great-great-grandfather of the

* The original is inscribed on a monument in the old church-yard at Quincy, Mass., erected by President John Adams. The monument also commemorates the “ piety, humility, simplicity, prudence, patience, temperance, frugality, industry and perseverance ” of the Adams ancestry.

† Mt. Wollaston was that part of Massachusetts Bay which was incorporated in 1640 as the town of Braintree. It included what is now Quincy, Braintree, and Randolph.

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President, John Adams ; Henry Adams was the great-great-great-grandfather of my humble self, John Adams."

From Henry Adams's son Joseph descended the line of the Presidents ; from an older brother Peter, that in which our interest for the present centers.

In 1652 Peter Adams appears in Medfield, Massachusetts, where he is recorded as having a family of three persons. In the Indian raid of 1675 his house was burned, and he was one of the signers of a petition to the Great and General Court for aid. He died in 1690, leaving eight children.

The name of his son, John, first appears in the town records in connection with the antiquated office of Hog Reave. The duties of this office were to reclaim straying hogs and restore them to the pound. For some unknown reason it was usually given to a newly married man, and was held by John Adams in the year of his marriage to Miss Michal Bloyce of Watertown, Massachusetts. What his principal occupation was is nowhere stated ; but

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in 1718 he appears as a man of means able to buy an estate of three hundred and forty acres in the town of Canterbury, and to erect thereon a dwelling. He had twelve children, all born in Medfield. In 1724 he died, leaving a will, from which we make the following extract: "To my son, Samuel, I give the quarter part of my wearing clothes; to my three sons now living with me, the home lot, to be equally divided between them; which lot is bounded south by my son Richard Adams's land, west by my son Samuel's land, east by the hundred acres I purchased of William Johnson, also three-fourths of the forty acres more lying northwest of the home lot which I bought of William Johnson and Mr. Paine for the convenience of a saw-mill. To my cozen (*i. e.*, niece) Ruth Adams, who now lives with me, I leave five pounds, provided she continue to live with my wife during her whole time"; that is, during her minority.

John Adams, the second, one of the three sons who were living at home in Canterbury at the time of their father's death, has left but little

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trace upon the pages of local history. One fact alone has come down to us from which we gain the impression that he must have possessed his full share of those qualities of force and independence which afterwards characterized his descendants. In 1746 we find his name with that of his wife upon the list of those who formed the first Separatist Church of Canterbury. *

* The Separatist movement in Connecticut (1740-1760) was a protest against the authority of the established State Church. Its leaders desired to be released from paying church rates, and asserted the rights of the individual church to choose and call its own ministers, and to listen to lay evangelists. They repudiated the principle that every citizen was a church member, and admitted to their fellowship such only as had made a public profession of the Christian faith. Although pioneers in the battle for religious freedom in Connecticut, the Separatists failed, partly because of lack of organization, partly because, rejecting human knowledge in favor of an inward spiritual illumination, they were soon at the mercy of ignorant and fanatical leaders, and partly because of the spread of the Baptist movement, which in many ways more wisely represented the principles for which they stood. The Separatists were severely dealt with by the authorities in Connecticut ; they were expelled from the State Legislature and from Yale College, and were allowed to hold no official positions, while the missing church rates were often collected under circumstances of cruelty and injustice. The Separatist Church of Canterbury was prominent in the Colony as the first which formally avowed "New Light" principles and renounced its fellowship with the established church.

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The schoolmaster's father, also called John Adams, was the son of this heretical farmer. From the little that we know of him, he seems to have been a man of personal bravery, of upright character and of strong family affections. In 1769 he married at Putney, Vermont, Mary, the daughter of deacon Joshua and Jemima Parker, and brought her back to live in the Canterbury homestead. He enlisted at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, and later attained the rank of Captain of Militia. When peace was restored he returned to Canterbury, where he passed the remainder of his days quietly cultivating the fields inherited from his father. He was a devoted parent, always ready to make every sacrifice for the good of his children ; and for his time he was unusually gentle in his methods of dealing with them. " My father," writes the schoolmaster, " never used the rod as a means of correction ; yet his children (there were ten of us) were trained to obedience."

John Adams, the fourth of his name, and the subject of the present memoir, was the eldest of

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these ten children. When a very old man, living in Jacksonville, Illinois, he wrote out for the benefit of his grandchildren some reminiscences of his early life. Though far from being a complete record, they give us much information that is interesting and valuable. Among other things, they bring before us a vivid picture of his boyhood on the Canterbury farm. Here we find "little John," a boy of judgment and ability beyond his years, bearing an important part in the simple domestic economy. "Early and late I acted as my father's teamster," and, in addition, "most of the chores and errands were put upon John." "But, never mind," he writes cheerfully, "I grew strong and hearty, and could not have done less for parents who had done so much for me." When he had reached the age of nine his father considered him old enough to be sent alone and on horseback to Providence, a distance of thirty-six miles, to carry two boxes of butter to market and to bring home a cow. We give the story of the expedition in his own words: "As I entered the town a pleasant, honest-looking woman

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hailed me from the door of her shop. ‘What have you there to sell, my little man?’ ‘Butter.’ ‘Come, let me see it; I will give you more than anyone in the town.’ The boxes were taken down and opened. ‘What is the price?’ I replied, according to previous instructions, ‘A shilling a pound.’ ‘The butter is sweet, but the price is extravagant. The best butter in the market costs only ten pence, and this would not bring eight pence, for, see, it is beginning to melt.’ I had been accustomed to believe good, motherly women, and had never learned to distrust those who make their living by buying and selling. So I weighed out my butter and received for it ten pence a pound. This being done, I went to the house of Deacon Gibbons, where I was to spend the night. He inquired at what shop I had sold my butter, and immediately went out and bought several pounds of it, paying something over a shilling a pound. He laughed at me for not being sharp enough for such shopkeepers. The following morning I started home, driving the cow, but night overtook me before I reached

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Canterbury, and I was obliged to find shelter in a house by the roadside. When I returned to my father's house, bringing the cow with me, all were rejoiced to see me safe and sound, and commended such manly conduct in a boy so young. But when I related the story of the butter, they all—uncles, aunts and all—spatted their hands together and laughed most heartily. This was more than I could bear, and I had no redress but to exclaim, 'I declare I will never again believe what a woman says to me !' Fifteen years later, when for the first time I brought my wife to my old home, one of my uncles said, 'Well, John, are you still of the opinion that you will never believe what a woman says to you ?' What reply I made I do not remember. It was probably something like this : 'When I said that, I was angry, for you all laughed at me. No, I do verily believe that there are a vast number of women who will not deceive. Two I know are perfectly honest—my mother and my wife.' "

When John was fifteen years old he drove a flock of his father's sheep to the Boston mar-

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ket, ninety miles distant. He made the journey without once allowing his charges to turn out of the way or take a wrong path. This seems to have been considered quite a feat for a boy of his years. John Adams, the schoolmaster, was fond of referring to it, and often quoted a maxim learned at the time, "Take care of the ringleaders and the rest will follow of themselves."

While the farmer's lad was thus quietly taking his first lessons in the school of practical experience, great events were stirring the outside world. Little John was four years old at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was a stripling when the Federal Constitution was adopted. When Washington was inaugurated, he had reached the age of seventeen. Referring to these troubled times he writes as follows:

"My father was deeply interested in the cause of Independence. He rendered much service and suffered many losses. Several uncles and cousins, and many of our neighbors and townsmen were engaged in that bloody

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strife. Some fell in battle ; some sickened and died ; some came home with ghastly wounds. Oh, with what eagerness did I listen to their narratives of sufferings, battles, and hair-breadth escapes ! My uncle, Samuel Adams, had been in service through the war, as one of Washington's life guards, and was an eye witness of the scene at Yorktown when Lord Cornwallis resigned his sword. One of our neighbors took part in the battle of Bunker Hill. Often have I heard him describe his sensations of terror as the British marched up in battle array. But after he had discharged his gun a few times, he felt no fear. He remained in his trench until the enemy began to jump in ; and then, perceiving that his comrades had retreated, he broke his gun over the head of a British soldier, leaped out, and fled for his life.

“ I well remember the scenes which occurred at the time of the treachery of Arnold, when he burned New London, and made seventy widows in the town of Groton in a single day. As we were riding to plow, we heard at the distance of thirty miles the booming of can-

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non, and soon after a man came toward us urging his horse to full speed and crying, ‘ Turn out, Turn out ; the British are in New London.’ In less than half a hour my father was off, accoutered for war, and oh, my mother wept bitterly.

“ I remember the excitement when Burgoyne’s soldiers were marched through the country as prisoners of war ; when Cornwallis was taken at Yorktown ; when the war closed, our independence was acknowledged, the Constitution adopted, and Washington chosen President.”

Although John Adams’s parents were not themselves highly educated, they had the New Englander’s respect for learning and were ambitious to give their sons a liberal education. When John was nineteen years old they sent him to Yale College. As the result of much painful economy they had laid by the sum of six hundred dollars which was then enough to carry a boy through his college course. They stipulated, however, in the interests of John’s younger brothers, that he should, when able, return them one hundred dollars.

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The memoranda of President Stiles show that John Adams was admitted to college on September 13, 1791, that being the regular examination day before Commencement. He was graduated in 1795, the day after President Dwight's inauguration.* In his sophomore year he roomed with his classmate, Rufus Adams, in the southwest corner of the second story of what was later known as South Middle College, and in his junior year with his classmate, Erastus Ripley, in the third story northwest corner of the same building. On Quarter Day, March 12, 1794, he was appointed to deliver the English oration at public exercises in the Chapel, and he was one of the speakers at the Commencement exercises, on September 9, 1795. His theme on the latter occasion was one amusingly at variance with his tastes

* John Adams's diplomas, still in the possession of the family, show that he received the degree of B. A. on September 9, 1795, and that of M. A. on September 12, 1798. Both documents bear the signature "T. Dwight." It is interesting to note that on the one hundredth anniversary of his graduation, a great-grandson and a great-great-grandson completed their education at Yale under the administration of the second President Timothy Dwight. See Genealogy, pages 271 and 274.

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in later life, namely, the “ Benefits of Theatrical Establishments.”

These are the only notices which we have been able to find of John Adams’s college career. He himself refers to it with exceeding brevity. “ I had my full share,” he says, “ of the advantages, dangers and honors of a college course.”

The dangers to which Dr. Adams refers were no doubt serious enough. The tone of college life was far less healthy then than at the present day. Brutal amusements were in vogue among the undergraduates, and hard drinking was the fashion. Owing in part to the influence of the gay French officers who accompanied the Marquis of Lafayette to this country scepticism had spread to an alarming extent. Young men received much formal religious instruction, but felt little interest in the truths of Christianity. Into such surroundings John Adams entered as a country lad, fresh from the farm. Though he had not as yet the support of a personal religious experience, his safeguard was a natural tendency toward

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that which was pure and upright. Nevertheless in after years, when his views regarding amusements had grown more strict, his conscience was often sadly troubled by the “follies” of his “giddy youth.”

Certain it is that at this time in his life he had all the tastes natural to youth and high spirits. His handsome face and a genial manner soon won him popularity among his fellow-students. He was the best dancer in his class, and at the close of his senior year was elected leader of the Commencement Ball. A miniature painted during his college course shows him as a good-looking young man with an expression at once dignified and winning. After the fashion of the time, he often wore a powdered wig and queue. He also wore knee breeches, shoes with silver buckles, and a three-cornered hat, which, in accordance with the rules of the Faculty, he was obliged to remove when within three rods of a tutor, or seven rods of the President of the College.

It would be pleasant to linger longer over these happy undergraduate days, but the

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“season of frivolity,” if so it must be called, was a short one. Graduation came all too soon. In 1795, when twenty-three years old, he bade farewell to New Haven and returned to quiet Canterbury, there to meet the problem of his own support, and to face the every-day facts of life, limitation and sorrow. He soon found that his presence was greatly needed in the old home.

“ My mother,” he writes, “ had long been suffering from an affection which commenced in her left eye. She had consulted many physicians, but all pronounced it hopeless. When I reached home, she thus addressed me: ‘ My son, you have been away from me for a long time ; you have been through college. I hope you will now stay with me and dress my eye so long as I live, which cannot be long.’

“ Such an appeal could not be resisted ; but how was I to earn my living? My mother suggested that I take a school in the ‘ North Society,’ board at home and dress her eye night and morning. I felt it my duty to forego sev-

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eral advantageous proposals which had been made to me in order to comply with her wishes. I therefore began a private school a mile and a half away from my father's house, at a salary of twenty dollars a month."

Teaching was at first irksome to him, but he grew to love his work as it prospered under his hands. "I commenced with very few pupils," he continues, "in an unpromising district; but the number increased constantly and before the year closed it was necessary to put up an addition to the schoolhouse. In this room I placed such scholars as were studying the languages and the higher branches, under the care of a faithful monitor. I heard them recite in the morning before nine o'clock, and in the afternoon after the school had been dismissed. Often after dressing my poor mother's eye, taking breakfast, and walking or running a mile and a half, I have commenced my labors in the schoolhouse before sunrise. In this way I spent about three years, with little pecuniary benefit to myself; but with gratification to my beloved mother.

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“The summer after I began to teach school it was thought best to suspend the exercises during the month of July, as so many of the scholars would be absent haying. I said to my father: ‘This will be lost time for me. What can I do?’ He said, ‘I need another hand for July and will give you twenty dollars a month.’ He said this to try me, to see whether I felt above work in consequence of going to college. I took him at his word, and was soon equipped, farmer-like, in frock and trousers. The first day I needed some indulgence, the second and third days less, after that I asked no favors and was never found lagging behind. I proved to the satisfaction of all that I knew how to work, and although a graduate of Yale College was not ashamed to labor as a hired servant.” The twenty dollars thus earned were paid to his father as the first installment of the hundred due for his college education.

“Near the close of this year,” the record continues, “I was invited to take a district school in the ‘Old Society’ about two and a half miles from my father’s house, at a

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salary of four hundred dollars. At the same time I was invited to become Rector of Plainfield Academy with a salary of five hundred dollars. As usual, I referred the decision to my mother, who said, 'If you go to Plainfield, six miles from me, I shall not see you often. If you go to the Old Society, you can come home every evening in good weather and dress my eye.' I immediately accepted the offer of the Old Society."

A pleasant side light is thrown upon the character of the young school-master by a paragraph found in the History of Windham County. "Canterbury," writes its author, Miss Larned, "was never more flourishing than during the continuance of this school. Mr. Adams had in large measure the true teacher's art of calling forth the best in his pupils and of exciting enthusiasm for school, studies and master." He was especially kind to needy students and often assisted them pecuniarily.

While John Adams was thus patiently plodding along the path of duty a little incident occurred which, in the Providence of God, was to lead

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to large results. In the neighboring town of Windham there lived a respectable family by the name of Ripley. Gamaliel Ripley was a descendant of Joshua Ripley, the first town clerk of Windham, and her first representative in the General Assembly.* During the winter of 1797 one of his sons drove over to Canterbury to attend a public exhibition in John Adams's school. Upon this occasion he was accompanied by his sister Elizabeth. The exercises in the school continued to a late hour, and as the visitors were six miles from home they were invited by John Adams's sister to spend the night in her father's house. "My mother," says John Adams, "was much pleased by the person and good sense of Miss Ripley. Shortly after this visit she said to me, 'John, I suppose you will soon be looking for a companion. Now I think Miss Ripley an excellent young lady and I believe that she would make you very happy.' "

* Joshua Ripley's wife, Hannah Bradford, was a granddaughter of Governor William Bradford, of Plymouth. She was a noble and useful woman, the first and for a long time the only physician in the settlement.

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Such advice could not be without effect upon so good a son as John Adams. But in truth he needed little urging, and in the following spring his mother had the happiness of witnessing his marriage to the charming Miss Ripley. The new tie thus formed proved no barrier to the affectionate intercourse between mother and son. When in the fall of 1798 Mary Adams died, it was in the arms of her eldest born that she passed peacefully away.

Two years after the death of Mrs. Adams the invitation to Plainfield was renewed in a most pressing manner, and as the reason for refusing it no longer existed, John Adams removed thither in the spring of 1801, taking with him his young wife and his infant daughter Mary.

At this time Plainfield Academy was in a “sickly condition.” But under the wise and firm administration of its new master the institution speedily recovered. The number of the pupils rose to sixty. Among them were Rinaldo Burleigh, Rev. Parker Adams, Henry R. Storrs, Samuel Stevens, Ebenezer Young, Rev. Jason Allen, Aristarchus Champion, Rev.

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Daniel Huntington, Alexander Stevens, M.D., LL.D., and other useful and honorable men.

But the change brought sorrow as well as joy. During the early years of his stay at Plainfield the shadow of death fell upon the schoolmaster's home. In 1802 he lost his eldest boy, Gamaliel Ripley, a "lovely interesting" child of two years. This was, perhaps, the most crushing sorrow which ever came to John Adams, and we notice that although usually undemonstrative in his references to his children, he never writes the name of his first-born son without adding to it some term of endearment.

It was out of the depths of this bitter grief that he entered into his first profound religious experience. He tells us that until the death of his son he had concerned himself little with questions of religion. He had been content to rest in a formal acceptance of such fundamental truths as the existence of God and the authority of the Scriptures. When the blow fell, he considered it a direct divine chastisement and received it in a spirit of penitence and submis-

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sion. His awakened conscience sought eagerly for the duty nearest at hand, and after a sharp struggle with natural diffidence he began to conduct family prayers. It was not until two years later, when a teacher in Colchester, that he felt himself justified in making an open profession of his Christian faith.

In 1803 the prosperity of Plainfield Academy attracted the attention of the trustees of a school which had been recently founded in the neighboring town of Colchester, Connecticut. Bacon Academy at Colchester owed its existence to a thrifty farmer, Pierpont Bacon, a former citizen of New London, who had devoted to its endowment the earnings of his lifetime. Among the trustees of Bacon Academy were some of the most prominent men in Connecticut. Such were Jonathan Trumbull, a Governor of the State, Roger Griswold, his successor in office, Zephaniah Swift, one of Connecticut's Chief Justices, and General Epaphroditus Champion, a "spotless" soldier of the Revolutionary war.

The position which these gentlemen offered to John Adams was more important than any

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which he had yet filled and he entered upon its duties with many misgivings ; yet the seven years which he spent at Colchester must be counted among the most successful of his life. His reputation reached beyond the bounds of neighborhood, and attracted scholars from a distance. Many Southern gentlemen sent their sons to be prepared for college by Master Adams. So successful was he during his administration that the attendance at the Academy reached two hundred.

The year after settling in Colchester John Adams united with the church of the Rev. Salmon Cone, and in this act he was accompanied by his wife Elizabeth Adams and by his faithful servant, Betsey Cleveland. He was afterwards made a deacon, and thenceforth held office in every church of which he became a member.

It was while in Colchester that cares connected with his old home weighed most heavily upon him. His father was now sick and poor, and had it not been for John his last years would have been sad indeed. The schoolmaster's own

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family was by this time making large demands upon his resources, yet he managed by fore-thought and economy in his affairs to render substantial aid to his father and brothers. To his brother Parker he loaned the money necessary to carry him through college; and by buying from his father a piece of land at a price far beyond its actual value, he made it possible for the old farmer to end his days in peace, free from debt and with means enough in hand to provide him with simple comforts.

John Adams's work at Colchester came to an abrupt end early in the year 1810, when a difference of opinion arose between the Preceptor and the Trustees regarding a case of discipline. The Master, feeling that in this most important department he must be allowed a free hand, presented his resignation. A committee of five Trustees called upon him to request him to reconsider this action; but in vain. He had acted deliberately and prayerfully, and he had nothing to recall. Not long after the Trustees of Phillips Academy, Andover, who had for some time watched his growing reputation,

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asked him to become the head of their school, offering him a salary of nine hundred dollars and a house. This flattering invitation was gratefully accepted, and the spring of 1810 found John Adams and his young family already established upon the elm-shaded hill of Andover.

CHAPTER II
A NEW ENGLAND ACADEMY

“What sculpture is to a block of marble education is to the human soul.”—ADDISON.

CHAPTER II

A NEW ENGLAND ACADEMY

“THE little red school-house” is the historic symbol of much that was best and noblest in the life of New England; but at its side, during the fifty years which preceded the establishment of graded public schools in Boston, there flourished another institution of unique value and significance, the New England Academy. The half century when district school and Academy together trained the leaders of two generations has been called the “picturesque period of Massachusetts educational history.” With the advent of a more uniform system, the picturesque element disappeared, but not before it had left lasting traces upon the pages of New England literature. Under the new order some

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of the old academies dwindled and died and their place knew them no more. Others, more vigorous or adaptable, became specialized as preparatory schools, struck their roots deep into the soil of contemporary life, and entered upon an era of undreamed of influence and prosperity. Among such, none is more conspicuous than the Phillips Academy of Andover, and it is because of his connection with this historic school during its formative period that Dr. Adams's name deserves its place upon the honor roll of New England schoolmasters.

But before attempting to gather together the broken records which are all that remain to us of his work, it may be interesting to glance rapidly at the origin and early history of Phillips Academy. There is a special fitness in this, as of all those who have occupied the position of Principal, none has come nearer to realizing the ideal of the founders than did John Adams. What that ideal was, we find clearly set forth in the constitution under which the school was organized. After a preface in which the founders express their intention "to

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lay the foundation of a public free school or academy for the purpose of instructing youth, not only in English and Latin Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, and those sciences wherein they are commonly taught ; but more especially to learn them the great end and real business of living," the document proceeds as follows :

" No person shall be chosen as a principal instructor unless a professor of the Christian religion, of exemplary manners, of good natural abilities and literary acquirements, of good acquaintance with human nature, of a natural aptitude for instruction and government ; and in the appointment of any instructor regard shall be had to qualifications only, without preference of kindred or friend, place of birth, education or residence. . . . It shall be ever considered as the first and principal duty of the Master to regulate the tempers, enlarge the minds and form the morals of the youth committed to his care. . . . It is expected that the Master's attention to the disposition of the *minds* and *morals* of the youth under his charge will exceed every

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other care; well considering that though goodness without knowledge is weak and feeble, yet knowledge without goodness is dangerous; and that both united form the noblest character and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind. It is, therefore, required that he most attentively and vigorously guard against the earliest irregularities; that he frequently delineate in their natural colors the deformity and odiousness of vice and the beauty and amiableness of virtue; that he spare no pains to convince them of their numberless obligations to abhor and avoid the former and to love and practice the latter; . . . that he early inure them to contemplate the several connections and various scenes incident to human life; furnishing such general maxims of conduct as may best enable them to pass through all with ease, reputation and comfort. And whereas many of the students in this Seminary may be devoted to the sacred work of the gospel ministry, . . . it shall be the duty of the Master, as the age and capacity of the scholars will admit, not only to

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instruct and establish them in the truth of Christianity, but also early and diligently to inculcate upon them the great and important Scripture doctrines of the existence of the one true God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, of the fall of man, the depravity of human nature, the necessity of an atonement and of our being renewed in the spirit of our minds; the doctrines of repentance toward God and of faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ, of sanctification by the Holy Spirit, and of justification by the free grace of God; . . . together with the other important doctrines and duties of our holy Christian religion. . . . And whereas the most wholesome precepts without frequent repetition may prove ineffectual, it is required of the Master that he not only urge and re-urge, but continue from day to day, to impress these instructions. And let him ever remember that the design of this institution can never be answered without his persevering incessant attention to this duty. . . . And in order to prevent the smallest perversion of the true intent of this Founda-

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tion, it is again declared that the *first* and *principal* object of this Institution is the promotion of true Piety and Virtue; the *second*, instruction in the English, Latin and Greek languages, together with Writing, Arithmetic, Music, and the Art of Speaking; the *third*, practical Geometry, Logic, Geography; the *fourth*, such other of the Liberal Arts, Sciences, or Languages as opportunity and ability may hereafter admit and the Trustees shall direct."

Such were the provisions of the Constitution under which John Adams held office. With the spirit and aims of those who framed it he felt himself in completest sympathy, and to the literal fulfillment of its injunctions he devoted his time and strength with an almost passionate fidelity.

Who were the men who expressed their ideal of the Christian teacher in these clear-cut and unmistakable terms? Their names were Samuel and John Phillips, and they were members of that well-known New England family whose many virtues have found their fullest modern expression in the character of

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the late Bishop of Massachusetts, Phillips Brooks.

When, in 1630, the pilgrim ship "Arbella" landed her passengers at Salem, on the shore of Massachusetts Bay, there was among the company a young clergyman, the Rev. George Phillips of Cambridge, England, with his wife and infant son, Samuel. Mr. Phillips became pastor of the "First Church of Christ in Watertown," and was for many years not only a powerful preacher of the Gospel, but a leading and influential citizen. Cotton Mather speaks of him as one "very full of holy discourse on all occasions which marvellously ministered grace unto his hearers"—a man "mighty in the Scriptures and very diligent to follow out the mind of Christ therein." Even greater was the reputation of his son Samuel, who followed him in the ministry. He was settled in Rowley, and his name has come down to us as one of the few clergymen who had courage and common sense enough to protest against the persecution of the witches. The ministerial succession was interrupted in the

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case of his son Samuel, who became a goldsmith in Salem, only to be resumed again in the person of his son Samuel, the third of the name.

With the third Samuel Phillips, the family connection with Andover begins. One is tempted to linger long over this picturesque and striking figure. Called to the pastorate of the old South Church in Andover at the age of twenty-one, he remained for over sixty years in the same parish. Regarding himself as an ambassador of the King of Kings he thought no honor too great to be paid to his sacred office. He walked to the church in dignified procession, himself first, his wife on his arm, after him the negro servants, and lastly the children arranged in order of age. His congregation were accustomed to rise when he entered the church and to remain standing until he was seated in the pulpit. He used great plainness of speech with his people and did not hesitate to rebuke them openly when they withheld from him, their minister, any portion of his just dues. He was a devoted pastor, and paid his constant

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parochial visits on a gray horse, often with Madam Phillips seated on a pillion behind him. Great was his generosity to the poor; but equally remarkable was his economy at home. The tale runs that he always blew out the candle at the beginning of family prayer and relighted it again at its conclusion.* In his will he left one hundred pounds to the poor of Andover, and one hundred pounds for “ye pious and charitable use of propagating Christian knowledge among the Indians.” His dying prayer for his three sons was that they “might make it their care to be found in Christ and to serve their generation according to y^e will of God; doing good as they shall have opportunity unto all men, especially to y^e household of faith, as knowing it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

The prayer of the old clergyman has a pro-

* After his death the parish voted “that the parish will be at the charge of the funeral of the Rev. S. Phillips; that at his funeral the bearers shall have rings, that the ordained ministers who attend the funeral shall have gloves, that the ministers who preached gratis in Mr. Phillips’s illness shall have gloves; and voted, to *hear the bearers in turn!*”

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phetic tone in view of the work accomplished by his descendants. It must have sounded like a benediction in the ears of his sons as they set about the unselfish task of founding the Academy which bears the family name. Of these sons, the elder, Samuel, was a merchant, with a house and store in the North Parish of Andover. John, the younger, was in business in Exeter. Both were possessed of what in their day was accounted wealth. The first purchase of land was made in the name of Samuel, better known as Squire Phillips; although his brother, John, gave the larger amount of money. The latter afterwards founded the Phillips Academy in Exeter, while Squire Phillips's interest was confined to Andover, almost his entire property finding its way in successive gifts to the institution of his native town. In the original deed dated April 21, 1778, we find that beside one hundred and forty-one acres of land in the parish of Andover and two hundred in Jaffrey, N. H., Samuel and John Phillips placed in the hands of the Board of Trustees the sum of about

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\$5,400 to be put at interest, the rent and interest of the said lands and money "to be appropriated, laid out and expended for the support of a public free school or academy in Andover." Later the original intention of the donors was so far modified as to admit a moderate fee for admission. The first Board of Trustees consisted of the following members: the two founders, Samuel and John Phillips, the Hon. Wm. Phillips, Esq., Oliver Wendell, and John Lowell, Esquires, of Boston; the Rev. Josiah Stearns, of Epping; Elias Smith, of Middletown; William Symmes and Jonathan French, clerks; Nehemiah Abbott, yeoman, Samuel Phillips, Jr., and Eliphalet Pearson, gentlemen."

With the name of Samuel Phillips, Junior, better known as Judge Phillips, we reach the flowering point of the family history. He was the son of Squire Phillips, and it was to his unselfish efforts that the founding of the Academy was really due. His father and uncle did indeed give the money which made the foundation possible, but the original idea was

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his. It was he who wrote the constitution, and it was upon his shoulders that the burden of its endowment finally fell. Although the only surviving son of the Squire, and the acknowledged heir of his childless uncle John, he yet with the utmost generosity and public spirit stripped himself of his inheritance in favor of the Phillips Academy. Later in life Mr. Phillips held successively many of the highest offices in the gift of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was elected Judge, State Senator, President of the Senate, and finally Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. But without doubt, the greatest public service which he ever rendered was when he persuaded his careful father and prudent uncle to plant a school for boys upon Andover Hill. Had he lived in mediæval Italy his name might have come down to us as the patron saint of his native town. In Puritan Andover it will be held in reverence as long as the yearly tide of scholars enters the doors of the Academy; or the elms of the campus shelter the passing student of theology.

By the side of Judge Phillips, and sharing an almost equal reverence, stands the dignified figure of his wife, Madame Phœbe Foxcroft Phillips. Madame Phillips was in the best sense of the word “a great lady.” She represents one of the noblest types of Colonial times. A woman who was not only beautiful in body and cultured in mind, a stately hostess and an accomplished writer, but also an excellent woman of business and well skilled in all the tender and homely arts of the mother and the housewife, she was a fit helpmate for her husband during the troublous times in which his lot was cast. Before she had been married three years the Revolutionary war broke out, and Judge Phillips was summoned to the Provincial Congress at Watertown, as representative of Andover. Then began for him those arduous public services which ended only with his death, and for her a series of long and painful separations, during which there was laid upon her shoulders not only the whole care of the household, but often of her husband’s private business interests as well. But she

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proved fully equal to the responsibilities which devolved upon her. In all that Judge Phillips did she acted as his right hand. His benevolent enterprises had her fullest sympathy. Especially did the Academy stand near to her heart. She took an affectionate interest in its affairs and the Phillips boys were often at her house. Later in her life her name appears, with that of her son, among the founders of Andover Theological Seminary which, in the course of time, grew naturally out of the soil prepared by the Academy.

“From the Phillips family,” wrote in after years Rev. William Edwards Park, “sprang the Academic system of New England as truly as did Methodism from the household of Susannah Wesley.” But never did a great work begin more modestly. To all outward appearance the time chosen for the opening of the Phillips Academy was singularly ill-adapted for an educational experiment. The cause of liberty was at a low ebb. No little faith was required to believe that an American nation would ever exist to need the

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services of educated men. The courage of Judge Phillips at this crisis has been justly compared to that of Mr. Lincoln, who, when the fortunes of the Civil War were trembling in the balance, continued to urge on the completion of the National Capitol at Washington. On April 28, 1778, the Board of Trustees held their first meeting in his house. After the Constitution had been read a sermon was preached by the Rev. Jonathan French, Judge Phillips's friend. Eliphalet Pearson, then teacher of the Grammar School at Andover, was elected Principal. Two days later the school opened in a rehabilitated carpenter's shop on Andover Hill, with an attendance of thirteen pupils between the ages of six and thirteen.

Of the three Principals who preceded John Adams in the Academy the most interesting is Dr. Pearson. He was a man of most extraordinary versatility, able to turn his hand to anything. He could be chemist, carpenter or teacher, as the occasion required. In the Old South Church at Andover there stood for a long time a bass viol made by his hands.

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When Judge Phillips's plan for a powder mill in Andover, to meet the necessities of the needy American troops, threatened to fail for lack of saltpetre, it was Dr. Pearson, then a teacher in the Andover Grammar School, who came to his help. "He had the spirit of Napoleon First, who said: 'I am master of the art of war. If powder is needed, I can make it.'" Without any special knowledge of chemistry, with few books and almost no outside help, he set up an amateur laboratory, and by dint of indefatigable perseverance succeeded at last in producing the needed material. Dr. Pearson was often heard to say that never in his long and varied career had he enjoyed such a moment of triumph as when the longed-for crystals appeared. His little scholars received an unexpected vacation while their desks were covered with pans of the bleaching saltpetre.

In appearance he was tall and of majestic presence, with a glance so keen that Washington is reported to have said of him: "His eye shows him worthy not only to lead boys, but

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to command men." As a teacher he inspired great awe. A delinquent who had once been reproved by him was asked, "How did you feel when it was over?" The reply came, "I pinched myself to see whether I was alive."

From the hand of the first Master we gain our earliest account of the routine of the Academy. In 1780 he wrote to the Trustees:

"School begins at eight o'clock with devotional exercises; a psalm is read and sung. Then a class consisting of four scholars repeats memoriter two pages in Greek Grammar, after which a class of thirty persons repeats a page and a half of Latin Grammar; then follows the 'Accidence tribe,'* who repeat two, three, four, five and ten pages each. To this may be added three who are studying arithmetic; one is in the Rule of Three, another in Fellowship, and the third is in Practice. School is closed at

* This refers to one of the oldest school books of New England. "Cheever's Accidence," or "A Short Introduction to the Latin Tongue," was written by Master Cheever of New Haven, and eighteen editions appeared before the Revolution.

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night by reading Dr. Doddridge's Family Expositor, accompanied by rehearsals, questions, remarks and reflections, and by the singing of a hymn and a prayer. On Monday the scholars recite what they can remember of the sermons heard on the Lord's Day previous; on Saturday the bills are presented and punishments administered."

Dr. Pearson left the Academy in 1786 to become Professor of Hebrew in Harvard College, but he never lost interest in the school. He retained his place upon the Board of Trustees until his death. He used often to visit the school at examination times. The impression which these visits produced upon the scholars had been vividly described by Dr. William Adams.

"There was something so grand and massive about him," he writes, "that it was easy and pardonable in a child to associate his name, Eliphilet, with the English word elephant rather than with its Hebrew etymology, as yet to him unknown. How deep and judicial were his tones as he addressed us in sonorous

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Latin on examination days; how his nostrils expanded like those of the war horse as he led the hymn to the tune of Old Hundred."

When, later, Andover Theological Seminary was founded, it was Dr. Pearson who framed its Constitution, chose the site of its buildings and laid out the grounds with all the enthusiasm of a young man. The story is that he made the journey between Andover and Newburyport no less than thirty-six times in order to effect a combination of the different theological parties upon whose co-operation the success of the Seminary depended.

Dr. Pearson was succeeded as Principal of Phillips Academy by Ebenezer Pemberton. Dr. Pemberton's reign was milder than that of his predecessor, and is memorable for the high standard of scholarship which he maintained. It was followed by that of sturdy little Master Newman, who upheld the dignity of his position with admirable success in spite of the smallness of his stature. An interregnum succeeded his departure during which the number of pupils fell off greatly. When the trustees

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called John Adams from Colchester there were but twenty-three in attendance.

Some years ago, it was the writer's privilege, thanks to the courtesy of Dr. Cecil Bancroft, the present Principal of Phillips Academy, to pass several pleasant mornings on Andover Hill, turning the yellow leaves of the old folios wherein, in faded old-fashioned handwriting are inscribed the minutes of the earliest meetings of the Board of Trustees. Much that is quaint and amusing as well as what is valuable and interesting lies hidden away between the covers of these books. One turns their pages lovingly, almost reverently, such a charm of stately simplicity clings to the records still. Is it a matter of repairing a refractory pump, of purchasing as economically as possible a new stove, of watering the village elms, or of regulating the swimming privileges of the boys, everything is done with the same dignity and consideration. The note of economy is everywhere present. When one remembers what distinguished men sat upon this Board, the smallness of the means at their disposal strikes us with surprise.

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At the very first meeting of the Board in the house of Mr. Phillips it was voted to petition the General Court of Massachusetts for an appropriation of books from the libraries of the “absentees,” that is to say, those who were fighting on the side of the British.

In 1779 it was voted that the trustees would gratefully accept the *loan* of books proper for the use of the school, “if any gentleman should be disposed to favor us with them ; and we are willing that they should reserve to themselves the liberty of using them and agree to return them at whatever time the owner shall call for them.” Thanks were afterwards accorded to those who had loaned the “Enfield Speaker,” the “Pleasing Instructor,” and other books, under specified conditions. Even twenty years later, when the Board desired to introduce the study of “Musick” into the Academy, it purchased six copies of the “Massachusetts Compiler,” and directed that these should be kept in the library and loaned to the students of that art.

In 1800 the trustees showed their loyalty to

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the new Republic by appointing a committee to "see whether any plan could be adopted for extending and preserving to the citizens of America the advantages to be derived from the counsels of General Washington as delivered in his address."

Among the more pleasant duties of the Board was that of acting as almoner for various members of the Phillips family. At a very early period in the history of the Academy, bequests were made by John Phillips of Exeter and William Phillips of Boston for the purpose "of promoting the virtuous and pious education of youth of genius and serious disposition." The decision as to who should receive this bounty rested with the trustees, who gave the preference to those whose seriousness took the form of a desire to enter the ministry. Judge Phillips left money in his will for the distribution of religious literature, thus antedating the idea of the American Tract Society by some twenty years. After his death we meet with such resolutions as the following:

"Voted, that Dr. Morse be requested to

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procure for the use of the trustees 5,000 copies of Dr. Doddridge's 'Address to the Master of a Family on Family Religion,' and 300 copies of the 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' by the same author. All for charitable distribution agreeably to the donation of His Honor, Lieut. Gov. Phillips, A. D. 1803."

The school was governed in a paternal fashion, with special regard to the religious interests of the students. They were expected to attend frequent devotional exercises at the Academy, and were required by the trustees to spend much time in committing to memory Dr. Watts's Hymns and Catechism, and other improving works. Rivalry in their studies was not encouraged, lest it should engender "unhallowed ambition." There were no dormitories before the time of John Adams, the students boarding with families in the village who had been specially licensed by the trustees to receive them. Their fare was simple. Josiah Quincy, the elder, tells us that they lived on salt pork, beef, cabbage and potatoes. Pastor French, with whom he boarded in 1779,

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allowed himself the luxury of white bread on Sundays, but only because on that day he took no other dinner.

Boys were not allowed to have locks on their boxes, they might not open an account at any village store, or borrow money from one another; and they were supposed to keep a strict account of all that they spent and to present it on demand to the Principal to be by him forwarded to their parents. Fire arms were strictly forbidden and a danger unintelligible to the modern reader was guarded against by the following mandate:

Voted, “That the scholars be prohibited from exercising themselves in any wheel called a *Federal balloon or a Fandango.*”

But in spite of such restrictions, the means whereby the students of Phillips Academy were allowed to “exercise themselves,” remained ample enough. Few schools are more favored in their surroundings. The doors of the school room once passed, nature in all her variety and loveliness lay spread out before them. The joy of out-door exercise after the

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confinement of lessons finds charming expression in the lines of one who was himself a member of the Academy, under the mastership of John Adams :

*“ Still in the waters of the dark Shawshine
Do the young bathers splash and think they’re clean ?
Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,
Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,
And bring to younger ears the story back
Of the broad stream, the mighty Merrimack ?
Are there still truant feet that stray beyond
These circling bounds to Pomp’s or Haggett’s pond,
Or where the legendary name recalls
The forest’s earlier tenant—‘ Deer-jump Falls ’ ?
Yes, every nook these youthful feet explore,
Just as our sires and grandsires did of yore ;
So all lifes’ opening paths, where nature led
Their fathers’ feet, the children’s children tread.
Roll the round century’s five score years away,
Call from our storied past that earliest day.”*

—*The School Boy*, O. W. HOLMES.



CHAPTER III
THE SCHOOLMASTER AT WORK

“He hath put it in his heart that he may teach.”

—EXODUS 35 : 34.

CHAPTER III

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT WORK

1810-1833

IN outward appearance Mr. Adams must have been a fine example of the old-time schoolmaster. He is described as "erect, handsome, of good presence, the habitual sternness of his expression relieved by the humor which lurked in his full blue eyes." To the little children of Andover he was a far more important figure than even the dignified and learned Seminary professors. Nestled in their pew corners on a Sabbath morning, they watched him with mingled admiration and fear as, "with the prestige of one born to command, he stepped up the broad aisle, his great ivory-headed cane coming in before him and ringing down with an

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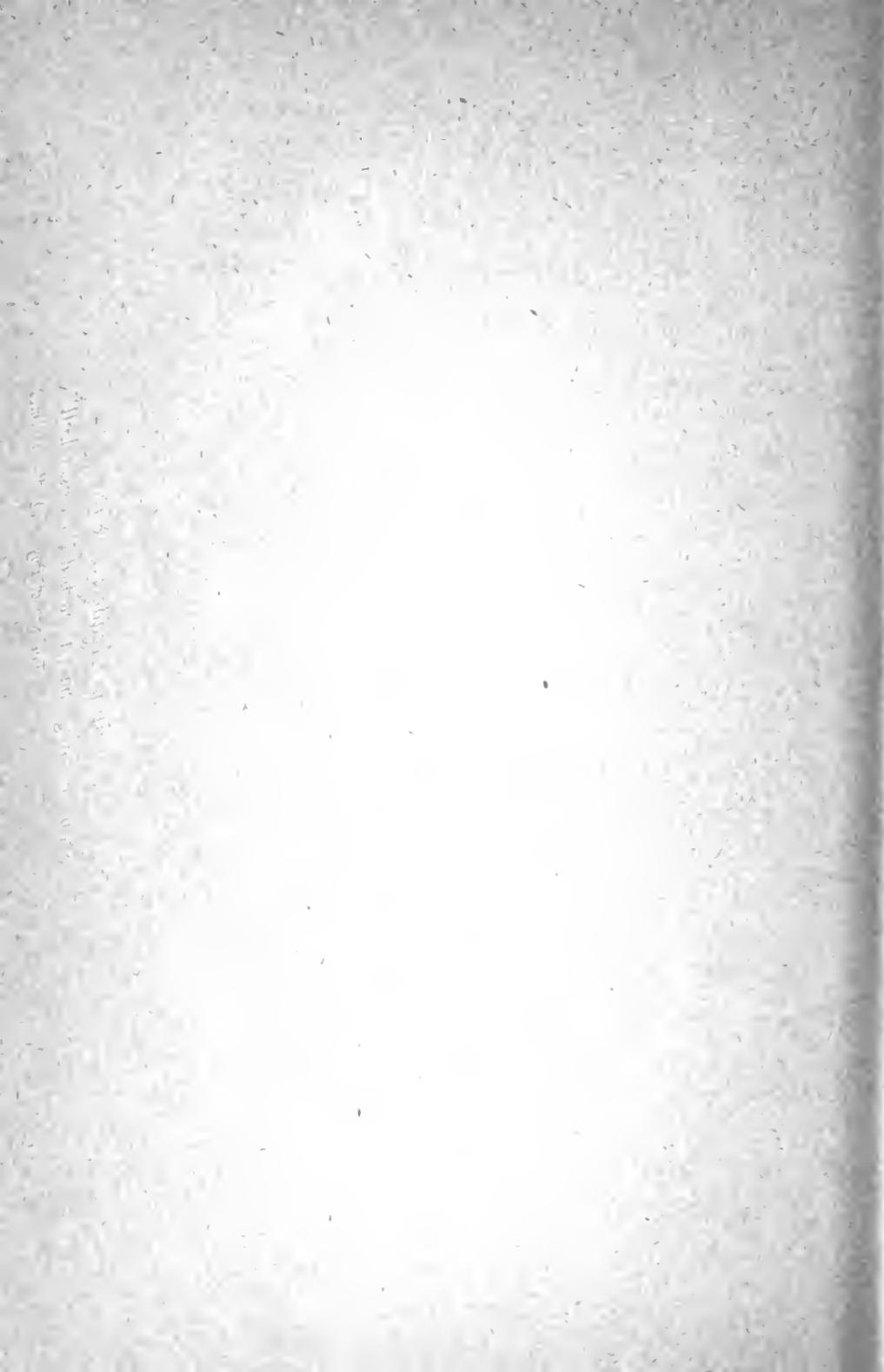
emphasis not to be mistaken." Even the Seminary students were not above feeling a touch of awe in the presence of the Principal; one of them, himself afterwards a Theological Professor, confesses that he never saw that familiar form, clad in gray and wearing a broad-brimmed hat, appear upon the village street that he did not involuntarily stand a little straighter and put on an air of professional gravity.

In the preface to his excellent little "Treatise on the Proper Training of Children" John Adams has described his ideal of the Christian teacher; and as we read his wise and simple words it is the writer's own figure which rises before our eyes: "A teacher," writes Mr. Adams, "if he would be successful, must love his work. No minister could win the respect of his people if he regarded his profession merely as a means of attaining some more honorable or lucrative employment. So a teacher must highly esteem his own duties; he must take pleasure in communicating knowledge; he must allow no outside subject to engross his mind, and he must look forward to no other

Phillips Academy, 1818

"The morning came, I reached the classic ball"

The School Boy. O. W. Holmes







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occupation. He should be affable and of correct taste as to what constitutes true politeness. If a man be faulty in his gait, stiff in his manner, or rough in his address, he will suffer much loss of influence or stamp upon his pupils his own deformities. He must, of course, be well versed in those branches of knowledge which he is called upon to teach ; but especially must he be possessed of a large share of common sense. He must have a quick and accurate discrimination of character, so that in a glance he may read from the faces of his pupils what are their capacities and temperaments. One may need the curb and another the spur ; one may be of tender conscience, pained at the very thought of doing wrong ; another is mischievous and takes delight in wrong-doing for its own sake. Instructions, warnings, counsels and reproof must be adapted to the need of each pupil. The teacher who does not do this is like the quack who administers to every patient, no matter from what malady he may be suffering, an equal portion of the same nostrum. He must possess the art of self-gov-

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ernment. You would not intrust your favorite horse to an irritable or passionate man, lest he should abuse and spoil him; and will you, parents, commit to such a one your children, those delicate and tender plants, who from a very slight injury will wither and die, but who, with proper care, will grow, flourish and bring forth fruit to life everlasting?" And finally: "The teacher must have a deep and abiding sense of his responsibility. He, next to the parent, is responsible for the character of his pupils. Let him feel the full weight of this truth. Let him cease not to implore the divine blessing upon his efforts. Let him labor in season and out of season to correct their waywardness, to further their progress, and to produce in them a tenderness of conscience in respect to every duty both toward their fellowmen and toward God."

It is greatly to be regretted that we possess so little information as to the details of Mr. Adams's work, while Principal of Phillips Academy. Many letters are in our possession from old pupils which unite in expressions of

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admiration for his qualities as a man ; but almost all of them date from the last years of the life in Andover, when he had delegated the greater part of the classroom work to younger teachers, and had confined his attention to the general conduct and to the religious interests of the school. Thus we are forced to judge of his professional work by the general estimation in which he was held, and by the known results of his labors. In the histories of Andover he is mentioned as “a wise and efficient disciplinarian,” “an able master, severe, yet kindly, a friend to all good students.” “His attainments, if not brilliant, were substantial. What he knew he knew thoroughly and he had an unusual faculty for communicating knowledge to the minds of others.”

Mr. Adams was thirty-eight years old when he came to Phillips Academy. He remained its Principal for more than twenty-two years, his term of service exceeding in length that of any other Principal excepting Dr. Moses Taylor and the present Principal, Dr. Bancroft. He found the Academy weak and disorgan-

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ized ; he left it one of the strongest schools in New England. His administration marks the transition between the first or formative period of the school, and its second or modern period. Less brilliant than his successor, Dr. Taylor, his patient labors prepared the way for the successful career of that remarkable educator. During the early years of his work for the school, he enriched the curriculum by the introduction of new subjects. Thucydides and Herodotus were added to the classics already studied. He also issued the first annual catalogues of the school and held "public exhibitions" which attracted much attention. The infusion of new energy had a most favorable effect upon the growth of the Academy. Within a few years the attendance was trebled, and by 1817 the number of scholars had increased from twenty to one hundred. The graduates of Phillips Academy stood high in the favor of the college examiners and seldom failed to pass their entrance examinations with credit to themselves and their master. About eleven hundred boys were admitted by Mr.

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Adams to the Academy. Many became distinguished in after life. Among those who studied under him were General H. K. Oliver, Professor Charles D. Cleveland, Doctors Ezra Stiles Gannett and Stephen H. Tyng, President Alva Woods, Samuel Williston, the founder of Williston Seminary, and Luther Wright, its first principal, Presidents Leonard Woods, Jr., Henry Durant and William A. Stearns, all three classmates at the Academy, Bishops Mark De W. Howe and Thomas M. Clark, the Hon. George F. Marsh, Governor W. W. Hoppin, Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, Robert Rantoul, Theodore Weld, N. P. Willis, the poet, Edmund Quincy, Ray Palmer, Horatio B. Hackett, Josiah Quincy and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The morning when Principal Adams first visited the Academy to assume his new duties was surely a memorable one in the annals of the school. Yet at the time there was nothing to mark the occasion as being of special significance. With characteristic modesty, Mr. Adams chose to go to the school-room alone,

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unaccompanied by any member of the Board of Trustees. But though all outward state was lacking, he went, he tells us, with a heart burdened by the sense of his solemn responsibilities and with the earnest prayer that, by the blessing of God, he might discharge his duties in all respects according to the wishes of the pious founders.

The Academy in which Mr. Adams first taught was destroyed by fire in 1818. In its stead the Trustees erected "an elegant brick building," containing a large lower school-room and an upper room for gymnastics and declamations. This "classic hall," the scene of his most successful labors, may still be seen, though the old school-room has long since been turned to other uses.

The entrance door of the school-room was on the side and was flanked by two high walled desks or "thrones." In one of these sat the Principal and in the other his first assistant. From the desk platforms ran to the ends of the room, affording suitable space for recitations. The floor sloped upward to the

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opposite wall. In the foreground were the seats of the younger pupils, while those of the older occupied the rear. On the end wall, half way between floor and ceiling, hung the school clock with the inscription, "Youth is the seed time of Life." Every Monday morning this was wound by the Principal, who usually improved the occasion by remarks on the moral of the clock face.

*"How all comes back! The upward-slanting floor,
The masters' thrones that flank the central door,
The long outstretching alleys that divide
The rows of desks that stand on either side,
The staring boys, a face to every desk,
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.
Grave is the master's look, his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares.
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits. Before the awful frown
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down.
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law."* *

The first half hour of the school day was spent in devotional exercises. The desks of

* "The School Boy," O. W. Holmes.

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the students had movable lids. At the appointed time the monitors, all older boys, rapped down their lids, calling order. Mr. Adams then rose and pronounced an invocation. Scripture was read in course with notes from Scott's Commentaries. A hymn was then given out from a collection called "Watts' and Select." The music was led by a violin, and all were expected to join. An impressive prayer followed, during which Mr. Adams occasionally opened his eyes to detect any indecorum among the pupils. These important preliminaries having been disposed of, the discipline of the school was next attended to; after which came a call for the class in Daboll's Arithmetic. Mr. Adams and his first assistant heard classes upon their respective platforms; two other teachers heard recitations in the adjoining rooms. Once a week a writing master and a music master visited the school to give instruction in their respective departments. Every Monday a class recited in "Mason on Self Knowledge," and on Saturdays a parsing exercise was held in

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which the grammatical antagonists were matched against each other in somewhat the style of the old-fashioned spelling school. We may note in passing that the writing master received for his services the sum of two dollars per week, while the fee of the music master, who also taught singing, was one dollar weekly.

On Wednesday afternoons the school adjourned to the large upper hall, where "pieces" were declaimed from a platform in the presence of the assembled scholars. School Readers, which early in the present century displaced the Bible and Psalter as English text-books, usually supplied the material for this school-boy eloquence. "I remember," writes in 1878 Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, "how more than half a century ago I made my first declamation. I had selected as best befitting my powers a gem from the "Columbian Orator" entitled "The Wonders of Nature," beginning, "How mighty, how majestic, how mysterious, are Nature's works!" When I took my seat Principal Adams remarked that if I would recite my les-

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sons as well as I spoke my piece he would be better satisfied with me. It was rather a doubtful compliment, but as it was the only one which I ever received at the Academy I was disposed to make the most of it. His old pupils will remember that Master Adams was not given to flattery."

Most edifying are the accounts which have come down to us of the proceedings of the Philomathean Society, an organization formed in Mr. Adams's day and with his approval for the encouragement of literary interests among the younger boys of the school.

For some years the seniors had had their own society, known as the Social Fraternity ; but from this the little boys were excluded, and they accordingly formed a Society of their own. Its founder was Horatio B. Hackett, and the age of its charter members averaged fourteen. Their meetings were conducted with extraordinary propriety, and the topics with which they grappled in debate were of the most general interest : " Do females possess minds as capable of improvement as males ? " (Decided in

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the affirmative.) “Are females as worthy of being introduced into society as males?” (Decided in the negative). “Is extensive erudition calculated to produce more pleasure than wealth?” and “Is the condition of the monarch happier than that of the beggar?” This society very early in its history became possessed of a library containing fully twenty-eight volumes (all donated). Among them were Johnson’s “Rambler,” the “Lady of the Lake,” “Deism Refuted,” Pope’s “Essay on Man,” a “Dissertation on Revelation,” and twelve volumes of the “Spectator.” After this additions to their store were made at the rate of about three books a year. The life of Dr. Doddridge, and Miller’s “Clerical Manners” were among their most highly prized acquisitions. A great desire was felt to own a life of Columbus, but this the state of the treasury did not permit. When books were so hard to obtain, we appreciate at its full value a sacrifice made to principle, when “Guy Mannering” and Campbell’s “Journeys,” being judged “improper,” were condemned to be burned, and an

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official of the society was instructed to carry out the sentence "*immediately!*" Our admiration of this moral triumph prepares us for the following entry: "Adjourned for two weeks on account of a revival, by which we hope to be more profited than by meeting together for performance."

That all of the Phillips boys were not as exemplary as the members of the Philomathean Society is shown by the following amusing anecdote for which Josiah Quincy is our authority. In spite of Mr. Adams's sedulous care books more exciting than the "Rambler" and the "Lady of the Lake" did creep into the school, though their ultimate fate was pretty sure to be confiscation.

There was a young man in the school from Connecticut, and he being "a very abandoned sinner" had brought with him about a dozen little plays unbound, the comedies and farces of the day. He had not had them more than two days when Mr. Adams heard of them, and the next day in addressing the school said, "I understand Leavenworth has brought some very

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improper books here. Leavenworth, you will to-morrow do up all your books not connected with your classical studies and bring them to me." Consequently the next morning Leavenworth brought a little bundle, handed it to the master and it was laid in the clothes closet. When the last day of the term came Mr. Adams produced the bundle and said, "You remember that on the first day of school I directed Leavenworth to bring me every book not connected with his classical studies. We will now see what the titles of these very important books are." He opened the bundle, and the title of the first book was *Holy Bible*. "What," he said in a voice of thunder, "you should have read a chapter in this every morning before breakfast." Leavenworth replied in the most calm and simple manner, "You ordered me, Sir, to bring you all books not connected with my classical studies."

But cases where the boys got the better of their Master were rare enough to be long remembered. In general they held him in too great awe to venture upon pleasantries. Parents

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and teachers had rigid ideas of discipline in those days. The sentiment of the old couplets :

“ *Let others praise the storm-defying oak,
Proof 'gainst the whirlwind and the lightning stroke,
The graceful willow, and the aspen tree ;
But birch, the useful, stinging birch for me !* ”

found universal acceptance. Master Adams would have felt himself derelict to duty had he failed to use this instrument of wrath when the occasion seemed to demand it. Nevertheless his kind heart and sound common sense agreed in condemning a frequent resort to corporal punishment, and we find him employing all sorts of curious devices to avoid it. When dealing with little children labels were composed to fit the crime and were hung around the neck of the offender; wooden bits were supposed to correct the habit of whispering, and leather blinders to be effective in the case of idleness. Where the offender was older, the Master's practical insight into character often enabled him to bring about the desired ends of repentance and submission by the gentler measures of persuasion or appeal.

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A simple illustration of these methods may be given in Mr. Adams's own words :

“ One morning many years ago a good lady, one of our neighbors, came to my house and entered a complaint against her adopted son. In the absence of his father he had been obstinate and rebellious. She asked me to relieve her and punish him severely. The boy had watched his mother, saw her enter my house and prepared for the worst. He knew that he deserved severe punishment and he expected nothing less. To prepare as far as possible for the painful experience he went to his chamber and put on four waistcoats so that he might not feel the stroke of the rod. Thus accoutered he left home panting and entered the Academy at the ringing of the bell. I said not a word during the day, which excited his wonder, but when school closed in the afternoon I gave him a signal to remain and follow me. We entered my room and I locked the door ; he began to breathe very hard. I said, ‘ There is a chair, sit down.’ After giving him some time for reflection, I said, ‘ I think your

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own mother is not living; how old were you when she died?' 'I was very young.' 'Who took care of you and your little sister after the death of your mother?' 'Oh, Aunt took us to her house.' 'Then your uncle and aunt have acted the part of mother and father to you since infancy. They have cared for you by day and by night, sick or well. They have loved you and desired your best good. I hope then that you have been grateful and have tried to please them in everything.' I saw that I had touched a chord that would vibrate. His chin quivered. I then said very pleasantly, 'You may go.' He seemed confounded, as if he had not understood me aright. I said again, 'You are dismissed.' He rose from his seat, and with many sobs left the room angry with no one but himself. He went home, sought his mother and threw himself on her neck, and amid many tears asked her forgiveness."

In the later years the Principal often advised younger teachers against the indiscriminate use of the rod. Writing to his own son, who was a teacher at Norwich, he characterizes flogging

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as "a strange work" and "a catastrophe to be avoided if possible." His feeling was also intense against the prevailing custom of punishing in public. "Surely," he once wrote with simple devoutness, "our Saviour knew what was in man when He said, 'If thy brother sin against thee go tell him his fault between thee and him *alone!*' "

From references in old letters we gain sidelights which show that whatever may have been the strictness of the Principal his personal relations with the boys were kindly. "Once when a very little lad," writes one, "I was greatly surprised to see my grave teacher laughing heartily at the antics of another youngster in the gymnasium. I whispered encouragingly to myself, 'He is not so very terrible after all.'" Another has never forgotten his thrill of pleasure when, after going through a long and difficult recitation in the old upper hall, he heard his austere Master say heartily, "Now, you have conquered." "I remember," writes another, "how pleased Mr. Adams seemed to be when he was able to give a good report of

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me in person to my parents.” “I was once toiling up Andover Hill,” writes Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, “carrying a box writing-desk made solidly after the fashion of the day, and was finding it a heavier load than I had expected, when Mr. Adams came by, driving his old “shay.” He stopped, accosted me kindly, and told me to put the desk into the chaise, saying that he would deliver it for me at the house of my landlady. From that hour the stern instructor was merged into the fatherly friend and guide.”

But we have not yet touched upon that which was the keynote of Principal Adams’s character and the secret of his influence upon the life of the school. Whether he executed judgment or showed mercy; whether he appeared as guardian of the law or indulged his love of practical helpfulness; all his acts had their root in the soil of a deeply religious nature. In his plans for the school, in his ambitions for its growth and prosperity, he had but one aim—to lay as securely as possible in the character of every pupil the foundation of

Christian manhood. In the pursuit of this object he spared no pains; and in it he was pre-eminently successful. He was not content to lead the regular devotional exercises of the school or to teach a Bible class in the Academy on Sunday mornings. During the week he held prayer-meetings in the recitation rooms and at his house, at which he sought to present the claims of religion personally to each individual boy. He bore the spiritual interest of his scholars continually upon his heart and made a practice of praying for each by name in his private devotions. So sincere was the Master's piety and so unaffected was his unselfish concern for the souls of those under his care, that even boys not naturally inclined to things religious, respected his transparent and manly character, and paid at least an outward reverence to the forms which he held dear.

Often his influence went much further. We hold in our hands a worn and yellow clipping from the "Troy Daily Whig," the date of which is indicated by the headline, "For President, Henry Clay." Half-way down the editorial

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page we come across the following paragraph contributed "by a minister from Kentucky": "While on a voyage returning from Europe," writes this gentleman, "I noticed peculiarities in the manner and appearance of our Captain. There was a seriousness in his deportment and a mildness in the management of the crew, an abstinence from profanity quite unusual in his profession, and a general amiability in his intercourse with the passengers. Curious to know whether he was a professor of religion, I took occasion to introduce conversation with him. Finding him one evening in a contemplative mood, watching the passing waves, I began my inquiries. I learned that he had not had pious parents, and that his boyhood had been wild and unpromising. 'But,' said he, 'do you know one Mr. Adams, who for a long time kept the Phillips Academy at Andover?' 'Yes,' was my reply. 'Well, to him my father sent me, because I could not be managed at home. I attended his school and boarded in his family. The old gentleman made me read the Bible, listen to his prayers and learn the Assembly's

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Catechism. I disliked the whole thing at the time, but there was no escaping it, and the result has been that Mr. Adams's teachings have followed me into all parts of the world, and have preserved me from the common immoralities of a seafaring life.' ”

This incident is typical of many others. The good which Mr. Adams did lived after him in the changed life of many a Phillips boy. Under no other Principal have so many boys made public profession of Christianity while in the Academy, and no other has sent out such large numbers into the work of the ministry and the mission field. “Dr. Adams,” writes the Rev. William Edwards Park, “imparted an impulse which will never die to the institution into which he came as a new moral force.”

CHAPTER IV
LEAVES FROM OLD LETTERS

*“Once more to time’s old graveyard I return,
And scrape the moss from memory’s pictured urn.”*

—O. W. HOLMES.

CHAPTER IV
LEAVES FROM OLD LETTERS

APART from the published reminiscences of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Josiah Quincy, the most interesting descriptions which remain to us of life in Phillips Academy under Principal Adams are found in the letters of Dr. William Goodell, the well-known missionary and translator of the Scriptures, and of William Person.

Both of these boys belonged to the class of foundation scholars, and their letters cast light upon this marked feature of the school life. The foundation boys were for the most part older than the other students, and were almost always candidates for the Theological Seminary. This gave them favor with the authori-

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ties as “ hopefully pious ; ” but produced a less favorable effect upon the minds of their schoolmates, over whom they were often appointed guardians and monitors. There were, however, exceptions to the rule, and some of the most sterling characters in the Academy were to be found among them. Dr. Goodell won love and respect from his earliest days, and “ no one,” writes Josiah Quincy, “ could have been more loved than our gentle Pelly ! ” *

William Person’s letters are preserved in a quaint little brown volume, rarely met with to-day. Under their cloak of old-fashioned formality and stilted diction, these records of a life of unfulfilled promise still throb with genuine human feeling, and stir our hearts by their revelations of unconscious heroism.

Of Person’s parentage and early life nothing was known. “ They picked me up in a tan yard,” he would say, “ and that was all they could find out about me. I was just a

* A nickname given by his schoolmates to Person, who, according to the custom of the time, made use of the Latin signature *Pelliparius* (from *pellus*, a hide, and *pario*, to finish).

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person." It was to the kindness of an unknown friend that he owed the first months of his schooling at Phillips Academy. But this support was early removed, and he was left to shift for himself.

Of his coming to Andover, he writes as follows: "I had long panted for an education, conscious that it was the surest passport to glory; but no means for obtaining one had ever offered till now. With what avidity and delight did I seize the opportunity, and look forward to fame and felicity. Being considered as sufficiently acquainted with English to begin the languages, I directed my attention to their immediate study. Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, being the most celebrated institution of the kind in America, for its pre-eminent literary and moral advantages, its benevolent endowments, mode of instruction, and more especially for its illustrious Principal, I resolved, if possible, to get admission there. For this purpose, I left Providence for Andover on foot, a distance of sixty miles, on Wednesday morning, March 2, 1814. I arrived a

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Boston in the evening ; and the following day, at four o'clock P. M., reached Andover, twenty miles from Boston."

“ ANDOVER, April 4, 1814.

“ I need not tell you that I am pleased with my situation. Here are many scholars, years older than myself, who are studying the languages ; and you may judge whether I feel encouraged when I tell you that after reciting my first lesson, Mr. Adams asked me where I had studied the Latin grammar. Nor will the scholars be persuaded that I never studied it till I came here. I do not mention this to boast, but merely to let you know that I feel encouraged.

“ The exercises at the Academy are delightful. They are introduced in the morning with prayers, reading the Bible, and singing one of Watts' psalms or hymns, and are concluded in the same manner in the afternoon. Every scholar must learn to sing, and those of the senior class to comment on scriptural texts. Mr. Adams delights in such exercise ; and I find that the most

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pious are his peculiar favorites. We have a writing and a singing master, besides the preceptor and assistant. It is a kind of college, and indeed I am informed that all the branches taught in the freshman and the greater part of the sophomore classes in Brown University are taught here. The scholars generally stay here three years. Every Wednesday afternoon is wholly appropriated to declaiming. We have a fine large hall, stage, curtain, wings, etc. We have most excellent preaching here, especially on Sunday evenings at the chapel—and their music, O Heavens! 'Tis enough to animate the stupid marble!"

"ANDOVER, May 20, 1814.

"Vacation for a fortnight commenced Wednesday. I underwent an examination before the trustees tolerably well. One or two scholars besides myself will spend the vacation here; all the rest are gone. It seems a little lonesome, and I feel a little homesick, I confess. Mr. Adams will go to Boston on Monday. He will stop at Dr. P.'s and perhaps tarry one

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night. He has kindly offered to bring anything you may please to send. Have I not told you before that he was one of the best of men? Not only the instructor, the guardian—but he is the father of his pupils! An appellation which by no means belongs to every preceptor. But do not let him know what I have said about him."

“ PHILLIPS ACADEMY, June 18.

“ I will relate to you the order of our studies, which, while it may amuse, may also serve to apologize for my delay. I will begin on Sunday, as that is the first day of the week. If we are absent from meeting, where our attendance is strictly required, we are noted for absence by some one of the monitors, and our names are reported to the Principal on the monitor’s bill at the end of the term. We are liable to be called upon the next day to give an abstract of the sermons. For morning recitations on Monday we are allotted ten pages of Vincent’s explanations of the Westminster Assembly’s Shorter Catechism. This must be committed

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on Sunday or Monday morning, as we have no other time. For morning recitations on Saturday about as many pages of an inestimable tract by Mason on Self-knowledge ; this we learn as we have opportunity between Monday and Saturday. So much of our time and attention is given to religious and moral studies. It is not only a useful exercise for the memory, but it is an excellent method of bringing us to an acquaintance with God, with mankind and with ourselves—knowledge of the greatest possible importance. Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays (afternoon of the latter excepted) are engaged in our common classical studies ; ditto Thursday and Friday, and Saturday in the forenoon. Wednesday afternoons in every week are devoted to declamation. From this pleasing exercise no scholar is excepted. I begin to get a little acquainted with Latin. Have progressed as far as the fiftieth page in the Epitome. Write Latin from Clark's Introduction every Thursday afternoon. Also practice writing one hour every day on Wrifford's plan, under the direction of a writing master from

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the divinity college. For absence, tardiness, and for every detected foible our names are entered on the monitor's bill, with the charges respectively annexed, which is shown to the Preceptor at the end of the term, and we are obliged to give satisfactory reasons for our remissness in these particulars, etc. This relation will at once convince you that I have but little leisure."

After a few months of happiness and successful study the support upon which Person had depended was withdrawn, and he found himself obliged to become a charity scholar.

On October 22, 1814, he writes :

" I have become 'scholar of the house'—as such, ring bells, sweep, make fires, lock and unlock, etc. These services it is true are sometimes unpleasant; but when I reflect that I am acquiring an education at the same time, and that too without expense, that I am among those who will not see me suffer, I think I find greater cause to congratulate myself at such good fortune, than to lament its few inconveniences."

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“ December 27, 1814.

“ My situation requires me to be pretty active, I assure you. I rise early, breakfast by candle light, hie to the Academy and make a fire by sunrise. The rest of the day, except what is necessary for recitations, etc., is principally taken up with other duties incumbent on the ‘Quid pro quo’ (for that is the appellation given me by one of the Preceptors and by which I am distinguished), so that my time for study is the evening. Judge ye my leisure ! ”

The double labor required by his position soon began to tell upon his health and spirits. In February, 1815, we read :

“ And first you must know that I have been and am still very unwell, more so than at any time since I have been in Andover—in consequence, I suspect, of unusual exertion and fatigue. The cold has been remarkably intense for several days, and in addition to my stated duties, which I have before related to you, such as sweeping, ringing, making fires, etc., I have undertaken to cut wood also, and prepare it for three fires, which in this incle-

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ment weather require constant attendance, and consume the fuel almost as fast as it is prepared. These duties, performed early and late, together with my classical exercises, which I would not should be in the least neglected, have forced me to uncommon exertion, and at length weakened all my powers, mental and bodily. It is now Thursday, the first day I have been absent from the Academy since I returned. Was taken sick there yesterday afternoon during prayer time. Made out to get home, however, and last night swallowed an emetic, which had a severe operation—to-day keep my room—feel faint and languid, but am, I hope, in a fair way to recovery. The folks are very kind to me, and omit nothing in their power to make me comfortable.

“The winter is several degrees colder here than in Providence. Last Tuesday was the coldest day I ever knew. The day before, Monday, we raised the mercury at the Academy from below zero to 38° . Tuesday, with all our fires, we could not raise it to half that! Tuesday night I slept, or rather staid in the Academy

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to keep the fires up, that we might be comfortable the next day."

In his second year he received partial aid from the charity funds and during the last year of his course full support. The circumstances under which this bounty was obtained he relates as follows:

"We were first severally examined as to our classical improvement. Then separately, and out of each other's sight and hearing, questioned as to our objects and views in seeking and our means for getting a public education. I was asked 'what was my object in seeking an education.' I answered, 'to be learned and useful.' I was then asked 'which of the professions I intended to follow.' I replied 'that I had not determined which ; that I hardly dared to look so far forward as to the time when a positive decision would be necessary, uncertain as I was of getting even into college, etc.' I was asked, 'what I thought of being a physician.' I again replied, 'that I had not even thought upon the subject sufficiently to justify a choice ; that I intended to be useful

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in some sphere or other, but I could not tell what I should be best calculated for, or to what I should be most inclined when I should leave college, etc.' I was interrogated no farther (except as to my means, concerning which I gave a ready and obvious answer), although I saw plainly that these answers were not altogether satisfactory.

"After being thus examined, we severally retired again to the Assistant's room. The committee soon rose, and all except the Principal, who remained to declare the result, departed. Br., M'c. and B. were voted a full support; I, in addition to what I earned, for this and the following term only, sufficient with that to defray my board during those periods. The deficiency for my board during the last two terms remains as before, though Mr. A. told me I need not be concerned about it. He further said that they should grant assistance more cheerfully when they could have any good reason to believe that by so doing they should further the object for which their funds were established, viz.: 'to assist young men intended

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for the ministry.' I can have no predilection for this important and highly responsible office without grace; and I did not, I ought not to, and I will not dissemble."

"Monday, Oct. 16, 1815.

"This morning the Principal summoned me into the Assistant's room apart, and told me that the standing committee of the board of trustees convened last Saturday for the purpose of making school and board appropriations to charity scholars for the year ensuing, that my case was considered by them, and that they wished to know particularly my object in seeking an education, or, in other words, what profession I intended to pursue? To these inquiries I gave answers similar to those at my examination last winter, and that for the same reasons then given, I could not determine. He then asked me 'if under my present state of feelings, my prevailing taste was for the ministry?' I told him it was; but that uncertain with what views and feelings I might leave college, if suffered to proceed so far, I would

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not now positively engage to enter the ministry. Then, after interrogating me as to my spiritual state and concerns particularly, he kindly told me that they had voted me full support for the year.

“Thus I have succeeded so far without making pretensions to anything more than what is real. Indeed, dissimulation and hypocrisy are so abhorrent to my feelings, that rather than resort to them for success, I would forego the gratification of obtaining a public education.”

After graduating from Phillips Academy, Person entered Harvard College, where his fine abilities won universal recognition and called forth the brightest forecast for his future. But his physical strength had been undermined by a long course of overwork and privation, and before he had completed his college course he died.

Dr. Goodell’s story, though similar to that of Person in its beginning, had a happier outcome. His struggles for an education were but a prelude to a long career of honor and usefulness. We give the account substantially in

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his own words as it is found in the memoir prepared by his son-in-law, the Rev. E. D. G. Prime :*

“ As I had been feeble from my youth, it was not thought possible that I could earn my living by manual labor ; but it was hoped that I might be able to support myself by teaching small children their A B Cs. My father could not furnish me with any means and my prospects were indeed gloomy until I heard of Phillips Academy, where promising students sometimes received assistance while prosecuting their studies. Then a great hope sprang up in my heart, that I might one day become more than a teacher, perhaps even a minister of the gospel. I therefore went to Andover, walking and riding by turns, and presented myself before the Principal. I learned from him that there was a charity fund, but that more than twice as many as could be received had been long waiting to enjoy its privileges. Mr. Adams advised me to come to Andover at the com-

* “Forty Years in the Turkish Empire.”

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mencement of the next quarter ; encouraging me to expect my tuition would be provided for ; but I must be prepared to bear the whole expense of my education up to the time when there should be a vacancy in the charity fund. I turned my steps homeward, footing it the whole distance, sixty miles, with a heavy heart, reaching my father's house footsore and weary on the third day after leaving Andover.

“ From the time of my return from Andover all our thoughts were bent on the great question of raising funds to meet the necessary expense for one quarter. On the one hand poverty so stared us in the face as to look us out of countenance wherever we turned our eyes ; and on the other hand the desire and the necessity of my trying to get an education rose up before me like the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, with all its mighty proportions. And so we thought and thought ; but the more we thought the more we knew not what to think. And we finally began to think less and pray more ; and thus we continued till it was found I must return to Andover in order to be found

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there at the commencement of the quarter. So without money and without credit, and without any plan, and with no thoughts but the most confused, and with no prayers except ejaculations, your father strapped on his trunk, as though he intended this to be his final departure, and turned his face toward the 'Land of Promise' —small promise, indeed, though even this was little better than 'hope against hope.' In this trunk were all his books and clothes, indeed, all his worldly effects. Its lower edge pressed hard against the small of his back, to his great annoyance at the time, and to the permanent injury of this feeblest part of his very feeble frame in subsequent years. In many of the towns through which he passed boys would hoot after him in the street, and with an air of proud superiority ask if he had in his trunk a monkey, or an anaconda to exhibit. But as he had no strength or courage to spare for discussion, his replies were always faint and few; and in order not to take any extra steps, he seldom passed from one side of the street to the other, but kept straight on, in the middle

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of the road, till his feet at length stood on that sacred hill, whither all his thoughts and expectations had been for a long time turning with anxiety, but with fond desire.

“Here a new trial awaited me. For the protection of the students the Trustees had adopted a rule that the students should board only in such families as they had licensed for this purpose. Mr. Adams gave me the names of some half dozen or more, and, leaving my trunk in his entry, I went forth to make application for board and lodging; but not one of them would receive me, the security I had to offer appearing to them very much like that which the Turks offer when they simply say, ‘Allah Kareem,’ *i. e.*, ‘God is merciful.’ I got another list of names and then another, until I had visited every house in town that was licensed, and no one would take me in. I returned to Mr. Adams’s house and could not refrain from weeping. At length I determined to take matters into my own hands, and slipping out unperceived I knocked at the first house that I saw and asked if a poor student who wished

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to enter the Academy could find board and lodging with them. The woman of the house answered in the affirmative, and her husband confirmed it and a bargain was soon struck.

“Having, as you perceive, secured a boarding place, next morning I stood before the desk of the Principal, and had my seat assigned me, in which it was expected I should always be found in study hours. My first lesson in Latin Grammar, which I was to commit to memory, Mr. Adams also marked out for me.

“After some hours he called me up to recite, when it was found not only that I had learned all that was printed in the large type which students were expected to learn, but that I had committed to memory all that was in italics, though only designed to be read over and not recited; and, moreover, that I had gone over in this perfect manner more pages than he had marked out for me. Mr. Adams now opened his eyes wide and looked at me from another standpoint, to see of what stuff I was really made. And I began to open my eyes wider, and to look at him with more fearlessness than

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I had dared to feel before ; for he smiled and wept by turns, and it was plain that a favorable impression had been made upon his great mind and still greater heart. And I now felt sure there was no danger of my being sent away from that unlicensed house unless another and a better one were provided for me."

As will be seen from the extract that follows, Dr. Goodell never forgot the Master who had shown him kindness when his foot was upon the first difficult round of life's ladder.

"At the time I entered Phillips Academy," he writes, "Mr. Adams was in the full vigor of his manhood and at the very zenith of his long and honorable career. His influence over me was greater than that of any other teacher. I came under his influence at the most plastic and critical period of my life and I gave up my whole being to be moulded by him as clay by the hands of the potter. All that he did and said, his casual remarks, his prayers, were to me exceedingly impressive. Andover was at that time blessed with such mighty men, men of God, as Professor Stuart, Professor

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Woods and Professor Porter, and I often heard them preach, but neither at that time nor in subsequent years did their words fall on my ear and heart with such weight as those of Mr. Adams, during all the time I was his pupil. Many of his remarks I wrote down, parts of his prayers I remember to this day. Almost every sentence he uttered seemed an aphorism containing a world of meaning. I seemed to myself to have just waked up to a new life, and to be living in a new world. And even now, at this distance of time, I often lift up my heart in thankfulness to God, that I was blessed, at such a time, with such a teacher."

CHAPTER V
THE SCHOOLMASTER'S HOME

“Wherever a true wife comes home is always around her.”—RUSKIN.

CHAPTER V

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S HOME

1810-1829

NOT far from the bare brick Academy, with its stern associations, stood the Schoolmaster's home. This was a broad, attractive white house with a dormer roof. Its front looked toward the sunset; its windows were tapped by intruding branches of tall shrubs and rose bushes, and its borders shone, all summer long, with gaily smiling flowers.

The village children thought that no blossoms were half so fresh and bright as those which opened in Mrs. Adams's garden. They came often to gaze at its fragrant treasures, and seldom indeed did they go empty-handed away. The mistress of the garden had a tender heart

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toward all young and growing things. She dearly loved her flowers, and they rewarded her with an unfailing succession of bud and bloom; while the little children of Andover found in her a common mother and nestled confidingly under her sheltering care.

She had now ten children in her own family, and the white house overflowed with young life and spirits. A companion of the youngest writes: "Mrs. Adams's children made a flight of steps which seemed to reach the stars!" In a vain attempt to count them the neighbors would say: "Well, there's Mary, and John, and Ripley, and a *whole huddle* of little ones!"

Mary, the eldest, was born at Canterbury, in the old homestead; then followed John, whose birthplace was Plainfield; Ripley, Elizabeth and William, who could remember the church spire at Colchester; Harriet, who was an infant at the time of the removal of the family to Andover, and Abby, Emily, Henry and Phœbe, who knew no home but that on Andover Hill.

Yet even this goodly company did not exhaust the resources of the schoolmaster's capa-

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cious dwelling. There were other children in his household—young pupils from Phillips Academy, of whom as many as six at a time boarded with the Principal. Just how they were all accommodated within the given space remained a mystery, known only to wise Mrs. Adams and to her faithful nurse and fellow-worker, Betsey Cleveland, who nightly tucked the little folks into their beds and saw that they were washed, clothed and fed at appropriate intervals. Boarders must have added much to the care of an overburdened housewife, but they represented a welcome addition to the scanty professional salary, which was stretched to the utmost to meet the needs of so many.

Early in John Adams's Andover life motives of economy led him to buy a piece of land on the south side of the Hill, on which was a famous trysting-place of Andover called Sunset Rock. The village people heard with much surprise that "Schoolmaster Adams" had "taken the notion to go farming." But, in truth, it was a natural step for one whose early love had been given to fields and trees, and who al-

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ways remained at heart a country lad. The land not only yielded him a fair income, but, what was perhaps more important, it supplied him with out-of-door interests which, until the close of his life in Andover, continued to be his chief relaxation and pleasure. The farm is often mentioned in family letters. Mr. Adams drove thither almost daily in his old-fashioned "shay," his white horse trotting before and his brown-and-white dog, Fido, following closely behind. Many years after, the village children remembered how entirely the single seat of the chaise used to be filled by the schoolmaster's portly figure. Upon the farm were two houses which Mr. Adams kept open and in good repair. In one of these lived the farmer, a very respectable man. The other he usually gave rent free to some deserving person. At one time it was occupied by the elocution master of the Academy, a functionary not overpaid in that day and generation.

The Adams children had merry times together in the years when cares and weariness were yet unknown. "I could go now," writes

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Dr. William Adams, “to the pastures where we picked our berries, to the streams where we learned to swim, to the orchards with their abundant fruitage, to the hillsides where we gathered nuts ; and should count it strange if I could not find in the dark on the common in front of my father’s house, the stones which marked our boundaries in the game of base ball. Always shall I be grateful for these early associations with country life, with animals with their honest faces, with the sweet smells of the clover field, and the delight of blueberrying in the pasture, of innocent robberies in the apple orchard, and of frolics in the warm and cozy barn.”

The boys as they grew older were expected to take their full share in the work of the farm. No doubt they often inwardly rebelled against the homely tasks laid upon them. Not every New England lad could agree with Dr. Noah Porter, who with gentle humor records his gratitude for “rich opportunities for fruitful thought” enjoyed while patiently following home his father’s cow ! But be this as

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it may, John Adams's sons early received a valuable discipline in habits of self-denial and industry, and were able to render efficient aid to their hard-working father.

Within-doors, the daughters were trained in all housewifely arts by their excellent mother. No teacher could have been more beloved. The atmosphere about her seemed always full of sunshine. "I could write volumes," exclaims her daughter Emily, "and never tire of telling about her love and goodness. She shone with a genial gladness no one else ever manifested. I can see her now, as she used to stand waiting to receive us as we came from school, her fair face all aglow and her beautiful hands extended. She would draw us in, and give us a piece of cake or a doughnut, dainties dear to the childish soul."

The wheels of the Adams household seem to have moved smoothly, being well oiled with charity and loving-kindness, but for its elder members at least there cannot have been many leisure moments in the day. We often read of twenty-one in the family, and there was but

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one servant, faithful Betsey Cleveland. Mrs. Adams was a famous housekeeper and her table was always bountifully supplied. The schoolmaster himself did not disdain the creature comforts. We hear of his giving excellent advice to a neighbor as to how she could press and prepare her corned beef in the most appetizing fashion.

Mrs. Adams was naturally gifted as a nurse, and more often than the other village matrons was called upon to give neighborly assistance in cases of sickness and sorrow. She usually had some poor sufferer under her own roof whom she was nursing back into health for no other than the traditional reward of virtue. The needs of her own numerous family also brought the doctor often to her door. "He used to come," writes Emily, "riding on a speckled horse, with huge saddle-bags dangling at his sides. He would enter snapping his spectacles in a way amusing to us, sit down deliberately, examine the patient, and would then say, 'You need something soothing, I think. I will leave you a little Elixir Pro'; and pray,

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Mrs. Adams, get some sulphur mixed with molasses and give each one of your children a teaspoonful every morning.' This well-worn and expected joke never failed to delight his little audience."

On the subject of religion, the children heard but little from their mother, her example speaking louder than her words. "She was always thoughtful for the poor." When a piece of cloth came home to be cut up into garments she would say: "Cut off six yards for Mrs. Berry and four yards for Mrs. Hawley. Remember, my daughters, 'the poor ye have with you always.'" She was a regular attendant at many missionary and benevolent society meetings, and in church her fervent interest in spiritual things was so plainly written on her face, that Moses Stuart was once heard to say, "No preacher could be dull with such an auditor."

By the side of the mother, her right hand and constant dependence, stood one of those subordinate figures who, little known beyond the bounds of home, yet fill so important a place

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upon the horizon of childhood. Betsey Cleveland, nurse, cook, and maid-of-all-work entered the family a few days after her master and mistress were married, and her affection toward them and their children was deep and unchanging. One of her charges, Dr. William Adams, writes: "It would delight the children of to-day if I were to recite her exploits in cookery, and describe her readiness to supply us with all that the appetite craved; but it is chiefly because of her liberality that she will be held in remembrance." Not in vain did Betsey live within the sacred bounds of "Zion's Hill." Her true heart was fit soil for the seed which was there so abundantly sown. In proportion to her income no resident of Andover gave more to the cause of missions. Out of her wages of one dollar a week she for some years supported two boys in a mission school in Ceylon. One of them was called at her request John Adams; the other received the name of her pastor, Dr. Justin Edwards. Her devotion to her pastor was shown by presents, some of which would have seemed large had

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they come from a person of ample means. Her master was one of the founders of the American Tract Society, and she took a deep interest in its work. For a long time it was her custom to distribute tracts on Sunday to the teamsters who chanced to cross Andover Hill. At an expense of twenty dollars she once published an entire edition of a tract, highly valued in its day, called "The Swearer's Prayer." It is pleasant to learn that in old age Betsey's good deeds received their just recompense of reward. She remained in the service of the Adams family until after they had left Andover. When they finally removed to the West suitable provision for her needs was made by the master and children whom she had served so faithfully and so long.

But Betsey was no disciplinarian ; and it was well for her young charges that the reins of family government were held by firmer hands than hers. The supreme authority in the household was the Schoolmaster, a reference to whom was always sufficient to bring any little rebel to terms.

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Once William, aged six, but already a pupil at Phillips Academy, was placed on a bench in the schoolroom by his father after reciting his lessons and was provided with "Mason on Self Knowledge" as a means of amusement. Shortly after this he was discovered beneath the bench holding a lively conversation in whispers with his next door neighbor. "Hold out your hand, my son. Remember another time that honesty is the best policy!" The words were emphasized in a way which drove them into his memory forever. "They were," he said, "literally beaten into me." John Adams once heard one of his children say to a sleepy little student, "Did you learn your lesson before you went to bed?" "No." "Well, then, get right up. You must, for Father said so." There was no resisting the conviction in the childish voice; the boy sprang up at once and committed his task to memory. But though stern, John Adams was neither hasty nor unjust, and this his children knew well. One of his younger daughters, Emily, was blessed with a more lively disposition than was considered

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proper on Andover Hill. She had a fashion of thinking for herself, and on one occasion told her Sunday School teacher that she had decided that Aaron must have been a wicked man. This so horrified the good lady that she talked of expelling Emily from her class. At Sewing Societies where sermons were given her to read aloud, she would jump irreverently from secondly to fourthly and from thence to sixthly; thereby causing grave doubts to arise in the minds of the worthy Andover matrons as to her prospects both in this world and in that which is to come. Once to gratify her love of excitement she induced her younger brother and sisters, by dint of sundry nods and meaning silences, to believe that she had been to the theatre while on a visit to Boston. This dreadful discovery was at once communicated to her father and Emily was summoned to his study. The youngsters gathered about the door in awe-stricken silence. Within the father was saying in low, grieved tones, "My daughter, you have been disobedient." "What have I done?" "You attended the theatre in Bos-

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ton." "No, Father; I did not." "I believe you, my child; may you always be equally obedient." With a laugh she bounded out, greatly to the discomfiture of the other children.

The Sabbath was of course most strictly observed on Andover hill; although we have some reason to believe that John Adams was in this respect more lenient than his neighbors. We are told that the startling rumor was once spread abroad that the Schoolmaster had allowed one of his boys to pick up some apples in the orchard on Sunday! In the mornings his children attended their father's Bible class at the Academy. More than one old pupil writes that this was an unusually interesting and fruitful exercise. In the afternoon they gathered in their mother's room to learn the Catechism. The fragrance of a white rose bush which stood by her window floated into the room and sweetened their remembrance of this least loved of studies. "One of the most poetic images imprinted on my mind," wrote Dr. William Adams long after, "is that of a Sab-

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bath afternoon in June, the air full of the smell of the roses and, so still that one could hear the fly buzzing upon the window pane."

We are all familiar with descriptions of the New England Sabbath, but because of the personal interest attaching to it we will make room for Emily Adams's account of the day as it was observed in her childhood. It began of course on the Saturday preceding, when the minister visited the schools and questioned the children on the Catechism. "I can well remember how we trembled, as in a solemn tone he said, 'Joseph, what is the chief end of man? Horace, what are the decrees of God?' and so on through adoption, justification, and effectual calling. All were expected to answer every question, and the child who could not repeat the Ten Commandments was not considered respectable. On Saturday afternoon the children met in their mother's room to study the Sunday School lesson. On Saturday night holy time commenced; work ceased; stores were closed; women laid aside their knitting; boots and shoes were blacked; and the Bible was

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opened and studied. A prayer meeting was usually held with special reference to the worship of God to be held on the morrow. When the Sabbath morning dawned all was quiet in the house. The family rose early, for it was considered sinful to sleep away holy time. The sun seemed to arise with more majesty than on a week day, the heavens to wear a deeper blue, all nature seemed to be hushed. After family devotions, somewhat prolonged, preparations were made for Sunday School, which in many localities was held before the morning service. There were no leaflets or quarterlies ; but chapter after chapter was recited, the Four Gospels and many of the Psalms were committed to memory, together with hymns written by Dr. Watts. Public worship commenced promptly ; the services were protracted, the prayer before the sermon then deserving its name of the 'long prayer.' The minister was expected to pray for all classes, tribes, and peoples ; for God's chosen people, the Jews ; for China with her gates closed to the Gospel, the Hottentots in their heathen darkness, and for the Isles of

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the Sea. During all this, the congregation stood, none but the aged or infirm being allowed the luxury of a seat. There were no fires in the churches, the ministers believing that stoves were unhealthy, also that the heat would make the congregation sleepy. Foot stoves were used in severe weather, and were passed from one pew to another during service. The sermons were long and doctrinal, on such themes as original sin, free agency, God's sovereignty, election, predestination or total depravity. When the people were dismissed all walked out quietly. The only remark permitted, was: 'What a profound discourse!' In some places Sunday School was held at noon, when the Shorter Catechism was recited, also another catechism for younger children, by John Cotton, called 'Spiritual Milk for American Babes for their Souls' Nourishment.' At two o'clock the bell tolled and all again gathered in the House of God. There was usually a tithing man in the congregation whose duty it was to preserve order. If he saw a boy whisper, he would rise, thereby disturbing the

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whole congregation, proceed to the offender and silence him by a resolute shake. At five o'clock many families assembled in their own parlors to listen to the reading of another sermon. As holy time expired there were some whose eyes were fixed upon the clock ; others devoted their attention to the sun as it sank to rest. The tallest boy among us (usually Dr. William Adams) was stationed on the gate post to announce its departure with a crow, which was re-echoed by all the children within hearing distance. When the first star appeared we could take our story books. After tea the work basket was brought out and Mother resumed her knitting."

As his children grew older John Adams gladly recognized their independence. He wished them to think and decide for themselves, and to look to him only as to a chosen friend and counsellor. This somewhat rare wisdom was rewarded by the full love and confidence of his grown sons and daughters. Master Adams would have had all his sons enter the ministry, and all his daughters marry min-

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isters. His wish was very nearly gratified, six out of his nine surviving children choosing that lot in life which seemed to him the most desirable.

Of the bevy of pretty girls who made the Principal's front pew in Bartlet Chapel a centre of interest to the ranks of black-coated students in the rear, Mary became the wife of the Rev. Daniel Hemenway, of Suffield, Connecticut; Harriet married the Rev. John Edgell, of Andover; Abby, the Rev. Albert Egerton, of Methuen, Massachusetts, and Elizabeth, the Rev. George Cowles, of Danvers, Connecticut. Only the two younger daughters departed from the family tradition. Emily married Mr. Joseph H. Bancroft, a merchant, of Jacksonville, Illinois, and Phœbe became the wife of Mr. Wm. A. Campbell, a banker of Jacksonville; but both of these marriages took place long after the family had left Andover Hill.

John Adams's eldest surviving son, John Ripley, was a strong and noble character. He early showed unusual powers of endurance, and

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would never accept pity for any bodily injury. Once, when quite a small boy, he was in the barn with his father, when a horse stepped upon his foot, crushing it and causing severe pain. "Be brave, my son!" cried John Adams. "I can bear it, and I will!" came the answer, and not a murmur escaped the little fellow's lips. He was full of fun and fond of practical jokes, in which his striking resemblance to his father stood him in good stead. When the Academy boys were too noisy in their play at night upon the common, he would don the Principal's long cloak, slip down to the garden gate, and approach them with slow and stealthy steps. He always came back laughing heartily at the stampede which resulted.

After passing with credit through Phillips Academy and Andover Theological Seminary, he held various pastorates in different parts of New England. The longest of these was at Gorham, Maine, where he remained for twelve years, greatly beloved. At New Brighton he succeeded his younger brother, William, who had been called to New York. When the Civil War

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broke out, he enlisted and served as Chaplain, first of the Fifth Maine regiment and afterwards of the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Volunteers. The story of his work as an army chaplain is one of whole-souled patriotic service. He carried into the field the same qualities which had made his early life fruitful of good. He was always at his post. No fatigue could overcome and no danger could daunt him. He served through the whole course of the war and returned at its close rich indeed in the love and respect of the soldiers to whom he had ministered, but broken in health so that he was never again able to assume an important charge. For about a year he labored humbly and contentedly as a home missionary in the State of Maine and died in April, 1866, from acute brain fever resulting from the excitement and exposure of his army life. His letters and a short account of his life have been published by his sister, Mrs. Emily Adams Bancroft.*

* Memorial and Letters of Rev. John R. Adams, D.D.
Privately printed 1890.

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The third son, Ripley Perkins, adopted his father's profession, and after graduating from Phillips Academy and Yale College spent his life as a teacher in the schools and seminaries of the South. Henry, the youngest, died in infancy.

The most widely known of John Adams's children was William, who became pastor of the Madison Square Church in New York, and later President of the Union Theological Seminary of that city. From his earliest childhood he attracted attention by his beauty and light-heartedness ; and this, in the minds of his earnest parents, was a cause for grave anxiety. They brought up their son with special care, surrounding him with every good influence. His conversion, a very definite experience, took place when he was about thirteen years of age and while he was a pupil in Phillips Academy. Several of his schoolmates have spoken of the unusual power of his first prayers and religious addresses. "His father, Principal Adams," writes one, "would listen with tears rolling down his cheeks."

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After graduating from Phillips, William was obliged to earn money to carry him through college. For this purpose he began to teach a private school in Norwich, Connecticut. His first independent venture was a great success. The handsome young schoolmaster became a universal favorite. He had many pupils older than himself, and one of his chief anxieties was to conceal his youth from his wide circle of acquaintances. After teaching came college. At New Haven as in Norwich he was a centre of love and admiration. He entered with enthusiasm into the college life. Indeed, his high spirits once led him into a student frolic in consequence of which his friends advised him for a time to leave New Haven ; but no sooner had he reached Andover than he was promptly sent back by his father, who, however fond of fun in his own college days, was then firmly on the side of constituted authority.

Later in his college course William was led to give himself to the work of the ministry. From New Haven he returned to Andover, where he spent three happy years in his home,

John Ripley Adams, D.D.





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attending lectures at the Andover Theological Seminary. In addition to his own work he found time to help his father by conducting a class in Milton's "Paradise Lost" for some of the boys of the Academy. Many hours were passed in his mother's room, where he often read aloud to her. He remembers seeing her laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks over the adventures of Moses in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

It was a great day when the young theologue preached his first sermon in the Seminary chapel. The night before the ordeal was passed without sleep. When the time came, however, he was equal to the occasion. The sermon was a great success, and fully satisfied the expectation of an interested audience of friends and relatives. His father, the schoolmaster, walked home with a happy heart, his ears still ringing with the congratulations of his friends, the Seminary Professors.

But the day was not without its cloud. It was a deep sorrow both to father and son that she to whom the triumph would have meant

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most was not there to share it. A few months before her son's graduation from the Seminary Mrs. Adams had passed away. Her health had been failing for some time past, and she had suffered greatly. But to the end her cheerfulness remained unclouded, and her patience was unfailing. Her Christian faith was strong and simple. When her husband said to her, "Your struggle, dear, will soon be over," she answered quietly, "I am ready." She died on February 23, 1829, and all day long her house was visited by poor women who came to show the garments which Mrs. Adams had made for them.

She was buried in Andover churchyard, amid storm and snow. So severe was the weather that no women attended the funeral. "I remember as if it were yesterday," writes Emily, "the long line of Seminary and Academy students wending their way to the Cemetery, bearing her loved form upon their shoulders. Early the next morning William rose and visited the spot, coming home too grieved to eat." John had been summoned from Water-

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ville, where he was preaching, but did not arrive in time for the funeral. After a journey taken chiefly on the sledges of the mail carriers, he reached Andover to find his mother not only dead but buried. His grief was uncontrollable. In spite of the entreaties of his friends and the advice of his father, he caused the grave to be opened and looked once more upon her beloved face.

The tombstone over Mrs. Adams's grave was erected by the students of Phillips Academy, to many of whom she had been a second mother. The love which all her husband's pupils felt for her finds fullest expression in a poem written by one who had been a member of the school at Plainfield. It was read by the author before the Porter Rhetorical Society, in a voice broken with sobs.

The old-fashioned verses ran as follows :

*How sacred is the friendship of the grave,
The social slumber of the pious dead !
Seems that they whisper (as the night winds wave
The herbage blooming o'er their peaceful bed),
“ Rest, brother !—Sister, rest ! our foes have fled,*

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*Our pains, our cares, our perils now are o'er ;
These eyes, that now their latest tears have shed,
Shall soon with joy those brighter realms explore,
To which our Lord, our Love, our Life, has gone before."*

*Such rest, revered Elizabeth, is thine,
'Mid those who felt in life thy kindness rare ;
Mother in Israel ! Taught by grace divine,
Thine own and others' woes alike to bear ;
The sick man's couch and cordial to prepare,
And the long, wakeful, weary night beguile,
With nameless proofs of fond, maternal care ;
Ensuing for thy recompense, the while,
His look of filial love, his grateful parting smile !*

*Be ours that faith that purified thy heart,
Thy works of love, thy vic'try o'er the world !
And when the mound that hides thy mortal part,
So oft with drops of pious grief impearl'd,
Resigns its charge ; when yon blue curtain's furl'd
Heav'n's bright and burning glories to display,
And earth and sea to pristine chaos hurl'd,
O may we join thee on thine upward way
To bow'rs of perfect bliss—to realms of endless day !*

*I speak what many feel ;—but chiefly thou,
Guide of my youth, and friend of riper years—
Erst hail'd with filial gratitude—but now
My brother, in the fellowship of tears !*

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*For lo ! Already on my brow appears
Th' untimely snow by early sorrow strewn ;
And I have learn'd how sympathy endears
The friend that all our voiceless griefs have known,
And bids the mourner feel he suffers not alone.*

*Then dry that falling tear ;—
And calm, O calm that heaving breast :
Call not an angel from her chosen sphere—
A weary pilgrim from her lov'd and long sought rest !*

*Nay, she, uncall'd, will come ;—
Unseen, unheard, untir'd, attend
Thy fainting spirit to that happy home,
Where all thy griefs, like hers, shall shortly, sweetly,
end.*

*When droops thy aching head—
When bleeds afresh thy broken heart—
Her spirit to thy lonely, sleepless bed
Shall haste with seraph speed, and heav'ly peace im-
part.*

*Oft, from the tree of Life,
Her hand a balmy leaf shall bring ;—
And brace thy soul for Faith's eventful strife,
With many a nectar'd draught from Silo's deathless
spring.*

*When at the morning's blush
Or ev'ning's still and sacred hour,*

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*Thou goest, thy sorrows and thy fears to hush,
Where oft with thee she prov'd devotion's soothing
power—*

*And when that vacant chair
Reminds thee of the graceful form
Which erst has bent in supplication there—
Her lov'd remembrance still thy lonely breast shall
warm.*

*That form again shall rise,
That breast, the seat of love and truth,
Shall throb with endless life :—those darkened eyes
Shall beam with cloudless joy, and never-fading youth!*

*Hark ! from her home on high
She whispers, “ Give thy sorrows o'er ;—
Is it not Christ to live, and gain to die ?
Then onward—upward thou, and we shall part no
more ! ”*

But though old and young were united in a sense of loss, it was the children of Andover who felt most keenly the absence of their friend. No more beautiful tribute has been paid to Mrs. Adams than by a daughter of Moses Stuart,* herself one of the merry com-

* Mrs. Robbins. The quotation which follows, with others in the later chapters, is taken by permission from an unpublished manuscript, “ Old Andover Days.”

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pany who used to gather in the schoolmaster's home. "Mrs. Adams comes back to me," she writes, "as the type of a perfect and rounded motherhood. I remember her as a large woman with a full, frank face and light hair, through which ran soft threads of gray. A child friend on one knee and I on the other, her broad lap seemed to us the most cheerful resting-place in all the world. If we hurt ourselves, we tumbled incontinently into her nursery and cried it out in her loving arms. If we were overflowing with fun and joy, we took her by storm, pulled her down among our rag babies and block houses, fed her with our mud pies, and grew old and wise and good as she kissed and petted us. I can never remember that she told us we were sinners or prayed with us; but she gave us big red apples, the biggest and reddest that ever grew out of Eden, and she would tell us, as she watched us greedily devour them, how much nicer it was to be good and have such nice things than to be naughty and for that shut up in some dark closet. She loved flowers and her little garden

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was always ablaze with the brightest and best. It seems to me now that the fragrance and tinting of those flowers were part of her being, that she was always waiting for a chance to drop them on the straight and narrow road, thus making it alluring to our beauty-loving eyes. Dear human children we were to her, not angels (for I have already told you she owned ten); not under the curse, with the trail of the serpent all over us, but little ones to be taken in her great motherly arms and blessed and brought to Jesus; that was it, brought, not driven. And so when we stood, a large band, weeping around her coffin, Heaven seemed very near and dear, very homelike, because she was there. I doubt whether, even to this day, there is one of us who does not look forward to her warm welcome, if perchance we may go to her, with something of the yearning with which, as little ones, we used to anticipate a visit to her sunny home. A mother of the olden time. Can our women of the period show better?"

CHAPTER VI
FATHER AND SON

“Exhorted, comforted and charged . . . as a father doth his children.”—I Thessalonians 2:11.

CHAPTER VI

FATHER AND SON

1823-1827

THE following chapter contains letters written by John Adams to his son, William, while the latter was a teacher in Norwich, Connecticut, and afterwards when a student at Yale College. A few letters from Mrs. Adams, also directed to William Adams, are given at the end of the chapter. It is a matter for regret that we have not been able to recover more of the correspondence between John Adams and his children, which seems to have been extensive and full of interest.

“To Mr. William Adams,

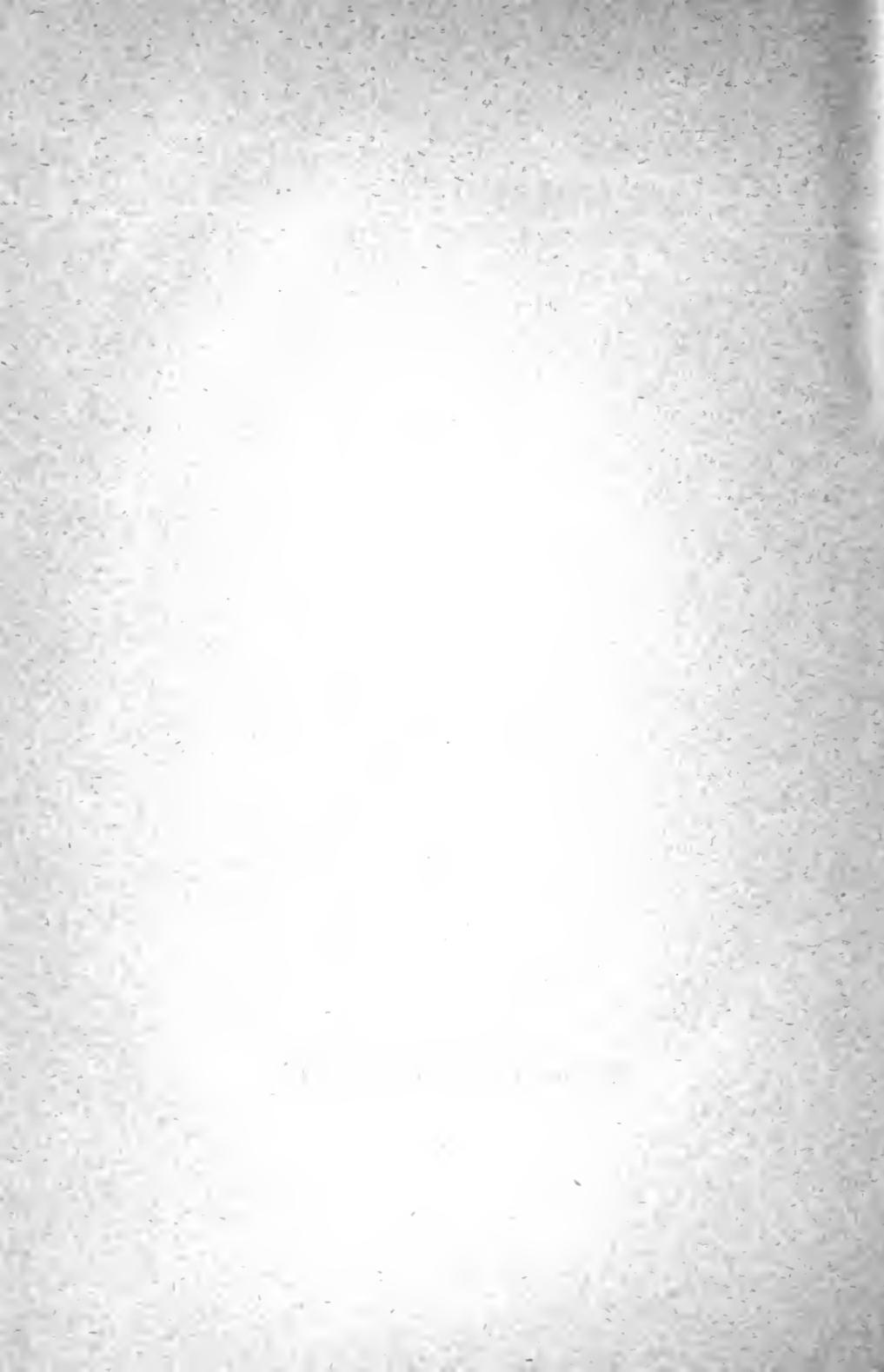
“NORWICH, CONN.

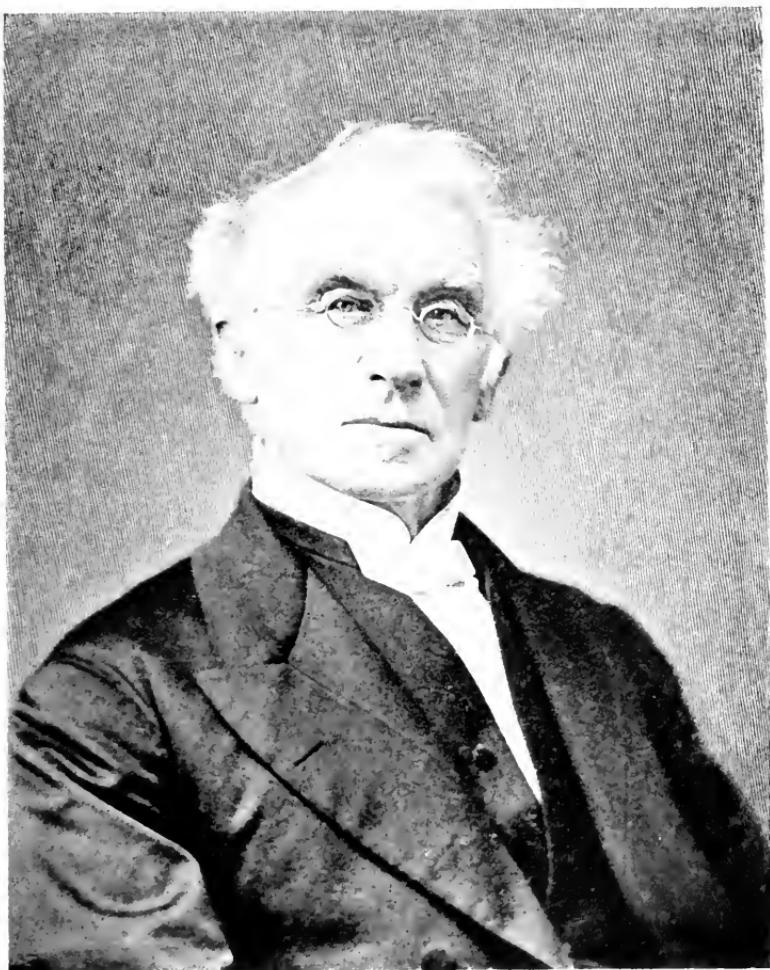
“From the drift of your letter to Elizabeth I am led to conclude that you have some

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trials, cares and perplexities, and in your own view discouragements. But, really, my son, they are hardly worth mentioning. You are only beginning to see that real life is a very different thing from that picture of the imagination with which the youthful mind is often delighted. The truth is, that every circumstance attending your situation is more pleasant than we had any reason to expect. Take courage then and go forward in the constant and faithful discharge of every known duty. Your school will fill up in due season, if you are patient, diligent, provident, industrious and prayerful. What if you have the care of two little boys when out of school? Can this be named in comparison with a house full of children and boarders? What if you are required to advance money for wood-cutting, etc.? You are not at present required to feed, clothe and educate a large family of children whose every look, word, action and feeling causes some tender string in the parent's heart to vibrate. But enough of this. You have only to be thankful for past mercies and

William Adams, D.D., LL.D.





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present mercies, and to trust in God for the future. You say something about quitting your school at the end of the first quarter, but this must not be on any account except sickness. It would look like instability, and show a want of resolution and perseverance. No. I repeat it, do your duty! All your friends here are congratulating us on account of your eligible situation and the plan you are now pursuing, not excepting President Day of Yale, to whom I made known my plan in respect to your education. Thus far I have written in school and I must now close, leaving the details of family circumstances, examination, company, etc., to your sisters or brothers, and subscribe myself,

“Your affectionate father,

“JOHN ADAMS.

“ANDOVER, Sept. 29, 1823.”

“Have you not wounded the feelings of some by changing your boarding-place? If you board with the L's will you not be considered their comrade rather than their in-

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structor? Have you family prayers where you now board? What is the character of your parties? Do they tend to private piety? Do you feel more devout and prayerful after retiring from these parties? You must not forget that you are surrounded by various temptations, and are liable to be led imperceptibly into the paths which will not conduct you to your Saviour but from him. I do not undertake to decide for you, but I make inquiries in the expectation that you will give me all needed information, and that you will improve my questions as salutary cautions.

“ You ask my advice in respect to giving private instruction. My opinion is that neither money or favor should induce you to give such instruction to any individual until your school is full, nor even then unless you have extra compensation, and it can be done without injuring your health or diminishing your usefulness in school. The course you are now pursuing will probably thin your school; others will want private instruction, and if you

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will not accommodate them they will think you are partial, and after a short time will quit the school, and then will influence others to do the same.

“First get your school full, so that it shall be considered as a privilege to be admitted a member, and then give your undivided attention to the improvement and religious instruction of your pupils. Show yourself a workman in every respect worthy of the responsible station which you occupy. Such a course would be wise, and such a course I hope you will pursue. Now, my son, I feel that I have given you enough advice, and I must close, wishing you a bountiful provision of that wisdom which is from above.

“From your affectionate father,

“J. ADAMS.

“Andover, October 20, 1823.”

“PHILLIPS ACADEMY, Oct. 14, 1823.

“This you will probably receive from the hand of your dear brother Ripley. He is about to leave us and return to college, and amidst

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all our anxiety for him we feel a satisfaction in commending him to a kind Providence. Your last letter was very interesting to us all, being written in a better state of mind than when you penned your former letter. Your indisposition, I hope, is entirely removed before this time. We are pleased, on your account, that your school is filling up. But do not expect to be exempt from trials. You will have your share of these, greater or less, every day. You must be prepared to meet them like a man and like a Christian. Agreeably to your request, I will give you a few general maxims respecting the government of a school. Never correct to gratify your own feelings, but for the good of the offender. Never inflict punishment of any kind when in a passion. Never let your pupils see you angry, but always cool, collected, firm. Never threaten, and then you will not commit yourself nor embarrass yourself. Your word must be law to your pupils. Never punish publicly unless in some rare instance, when the offence is of such a nature as absolutely to require it. When you do punish, never dismiss

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the subject, nor let the offender pass out of your hands so long as he exhibits a sullen, revengeful or pouting temper. Special attention must be paid at all times to the temper of your pupils. As to the subject of emulation—how far it is to be excited by the instructor, and what motives he is to present—I would observe that this is a very difficult subject, and has given me much solicitude. I know of no better rule than this: To present such motives as you believe the Lord Jesus Christ will approve, and to labor constantly to impress upon the minds of your pupils their duty strictly to observe the Pauline injunction, ‘Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.’

“I am fully of the opinion that your own improvement in your present situation, for the first year, will be greater than it would be as a freshman at college; particularly in the knowledge of the English language, mathematics, and an acquaintance with human nature. You must suffer me again to remind you of the great importance of paying special attention

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to the preservation of your health. You must have system, and observe it especially in respect to your diet, exercise, etc. Let all your food be plain, such as will not oppress you ; your drink, water or milk ; and while attentive to the mortal part which, at the longest, must moulder in the grave, I beseech you not to neglect that better part which will exist forever.

“ From your affectionate father,
“ JOHN ADAMS.”

“ PHILLIPS ACADEMY, October 28, 1823.

“ Your letter, which was dated the 26th inst., was received to-day. Like a good boy, you have replied to all my inquiries and I am entirely satisfied with your explanation. If the L's have but one recitation a day, and you can attend to that without any serious inconvenience to yourself or school, I heartily approve of the plan pursued. The sooner you introduce family prayer the better. The longer the subject is delayed the more difficult it will be to make a beginning. This service should not be lengthy, but appropriate, solemn and

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interesting, and never omitted, except in special cases of necessity.

“Our vacation will commence two weeks from to-morrow, but it is now uncertain whether I go to Norwich during the vacation. I wish very much to see you in Norwich at the head of your school, and to ascertain if it be best for you and pleasant to your employers that you should continue through the year. This I can say, that, if Providence permits, I intend to visit you at Norwich during my vacation. And should you be greatly disappointed in not having the pleasure of seeing me then, I hope you will not murmur. You may be assured that you do not write to us too frequently and that we are highly gratified in the perusal of your letters. We want you to unbosom your heart to us, and to be assured that we often think of you and converse about you; and that you stand as high in our esteem and affection as you can desire. Instead of doubting this because of the number and style of my letters, I had supposed that you would argue thus, ‘My father intends that I shall be a good man, and

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a respectable and useful man. If he had not intended all this, if he had not placed great confidence in my abilities and character, would he have introduced me into this situation with all its responsibilities?' We believe that you will do well, we expect it; we shall be greatly disappointed if you do not. But our anxiety, our advice, our caution are all to be received by you as expressions of father's love, and were never intended to give you one moment's uneasiness. Go forward, my dear son, feeling that you are not your own, but bought with a price.

"Your affectionate father,

"J. ADAMS."

"PHILLIPS ACADEMY, Sab. Eve., June 27, 1824.

"You seem very desirous that I should decide for you, whether you are to continue in school another year or not. I cannot judge wisely on this important subject, without the knowledge of more facts. Are you attached to your school? Do you love your pupils? Do you love your employment, and are you satisfied

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that you are in the path of duty, and that, while you are instructing others, you are also preparing yourself for more extensive usefulness?

“I am well satisfied that, thus far, you have been as successful as we had reason to expect. You have received, and are still receiving attention, caresses, and commendations enough to destroy a young man of your age and inexperience. My fears for you from this source are excited in no small degree. Few, very few, can pass through such scenes of applause and such uninterrupted prosperity without being essentially injured. And can you, my son, and do you, my son, maintain a close walk with God? And in the midst of all the amusements, celebrations, literary clubs, societies, and splendid parties—do you find time and do you find a heart to commune with your Saviour? What would be the testimony of the most humble, devout and exemplary Christians that have knowledge of your daily walk and conversation? Or rather, what is the testimony of your own conscience in relation to this subject?

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Does it whisper peace, or does it remonstrate and kindly admonish you to be on your guard lest you become conformed to this world? Most of the young gentlemen with whom you are associated, if I mistake not, make no pretensions to religion. Whenever, therefore, you are in this company you must not forget that you are a professed follower of Christ. Many things in them might pass without censure, which in you would wound the pious heart. Is there a party and a Prayer Meeting on the same evening? Which shall the Professor of Religion attend? Both he cannot. Let him maintain consistency, and do that which will be pleasing to his Saviour, rather than labor to please and gratify the unbelieving.

“ From the tone of my letter you see that my fears are excited from the very sources where you expect the least danger. You see a father’s solicitude. Convince me that you are in no danger of floating with the current, or rather that you will deny yourself, take up your cross daily and follow Christ, and I would not hesitate to say you are safe any-

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where. But without this you can be safe nowhere, neither in Norwich nor at college, at home or abroad.

“ You will say, ‘ This is not to the point ; I want father’s advice as to my continuance another year in the school.’ If you will be careful of your health and will pursue in all respects the safest and wisest measures, I shall be altogether in favor of your tarrying another year, both as respects your finances and your future usefulness.

Your affectionate father,

“ JOHN ADAMS.”

The following letters were addressed to William Adams while in Yale College :

“ ANDOVER, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, }
January 5, 1825. }

“ Your letter to us of the second instant was received in due time and has been perused with much interest. Your remarks upon the New Year, respecting the scenes, the trials, and mournful events of the past year were judi-

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ciously made. If you find it painful to review the past year, and call to mind neglected duties or unfaithfulness to those who are now beyond the reach of your influence, instead of sinking in despondency, you ought now to do your duty to those around you. If you want comfort in religion you must live religiously. Despondency is not what Christ requires of his disciples, but Christian fortitude and cheerful and constant obedience. ‘Elijah, what doest thou here?’ was once addressed to a desponding prophet. O, that Christians were all wise! and would remember that they must fight against sin as long as they live. This is no time for rest or for shirking from duties or from trials. ‘What *doest* thou?’—not, ‘How do you feel?’ is the important question. You cannot draw comfort from your past life or former experience; such an attempt would be vain or delusive. No, let your comfort arise daily from the consciousness that you are doing the will of God, and that you look to the Cross of Christ as your only hope. We long to hear that pure religion is revived in Yale, and that

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all the professed disciples of Christ in college
are doing their duty.

“Your affectionate father,
“JOHN ADAMS.”

“TUESDAY EVENING, Feb. 21, 1826.

“While your mother is constantly employed in ministering to the sick, she says: ‘You must write to William this evening.’ The influenza is very prevalent among us, but with gratitude it ought to be named that, although sick, we are not dead; although perplexed, yet not forsaken, and that all appear to be recovering. My own health has not been good for several weeks past. I have been exercised with considerable pain in my left breast, in the region of the heart. Your letter received to-day, together with your former letters to the family, leads me to think that you stand in need of some very serious advice. You may think that you are troubled with a nervous affection or that you have some symptoms of an inflammation of the brain, or that a consumption is seated upon you or is about to commence its

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work of destruction, or that you will never see home again, that you cannot eat and that your sleep is gone from you, etc., etc. Now, away with all this ! It is a fact, and you must not deny it, that you are too fond of home, and you think too much of home ; and this is the real procuring cause of your uneasiness and unhappiness, and leads to all your woes and pains and privations real and imaginary. Now, my son, rise above it all, be a man and a consistent Christian. If you give way to the sallies of your imagination, you will be unmanned and will disappoint the expectations of your parents and friends. Could you be happy at home to be nothing and to be doing nothing ? Should you quit your studies and all your prospects of future usefulness and come home, and remain at home, how long would your happiness continue ? But, hark ! your father is dead, your mother is no more, your sisters are dead or have families of their own. Where is now that fond home, that family so much beloved ! Gone ! No, my son, consider what is duty and then perform it, and whenever your imagination begins to wander, check it immediately.

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Whenever you begin to think of home, ask yourself whether you ought not to think less of home and more of Heaven and your duty. Do your thoughts involuntarily dwell on your beloved friends at home? Remember Him who has done more for you and suffered more and has never ceased to give you convincing evidence that you are under far greater obligations of love and gratitude to Him than to all your earthly friends. My son, God has blessed you with a good constitution, a sound head, and a sound mind. You have nothing to fear. If you go forward in the path of duty, controlling your thoughts and imagination, living not to yourself nor for yourself, but to the glory of your Redeemer, you have nothing to fear. I have endeavored to give you 'serious advice,' such as your own respectability at College and at home requires, such as your own happiness and usefulness demands; now, if you will receive it as from your best earthly friend, and will follow it, you will have better nerves and better health.

"Your affectionate father,
"JOHN ADAMS."

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“ PHILLIPS ACADEMY, December 28, 1826.

“ I wish I could relieve your anxiety by informing you that your dear Mother is entirely restored to health, but she is now as ill as she ever has been since her first attack. (Mother says this is not true, and that she expects to be well enough to write you herself next week.) She has not left her chamber for eight weeks. At one time she appeared to be in a state of convalescence. But she was again attacked by the complaint last Sabbath evening, and is still very weak and feeble, though not exercised with much pain. It is not very probable that she will think it prudent to leave her chamber this winter. When the Spring opens, we hope that by journeying her health, with the Divine blessing, may be restored. We do not consider her in immediate danger. If she should become sick to an alarming degree, you shall be informed regularly. We have no disposition to keep from your knowledge any facts respecting her.

“ Your affectionate father,

“ JOHN ADAMS.”

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“ Your trip to New York, Philadelphia, etc., was characteristic of yourself. You made dispatch. If you had spent a few days longer in each of those large cities, you would have found much to please and instruct you.

“ Our family are grateful to hear so favorable an account of your oration and other parts performed at your Exhibition. But let none of these things turn to your disadvantage. Beware, my son, beware! Few, very few, can have encomiums bestowed on them without injury to their own character. Prodigality in dress, expenses and manner of living, self merit, vanity, pride, ambition, neglect of appropriate duties, conformity to the world, neglect of prayer, forgetfulness of God, disgrace and eternal ruin—are all fostered more or less by prosperity and the flatteries of injudicious friends. You will not mistake my meaning. I rejoice in all your prosperity and pray that it may not in any way prove injurious to you.

“ Your affectionate father,

“ JOHN ADAMS.”

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From Mrs. Adams.

“ANDOVER, Friday, December 9.

“I was very glad to hear from you yesterday afternoon. My anxiety was in some measure relieved by what you wrote. I rejoice that your health is better, and that you have so many kind friends. William, you must be very careful of your health, and be particular about your food. Do not sit up too late. There is a great revival in Middleberry College, and Dr. Bates’s four children are subjects of the work. There are also some very hopeful appearances in Williams College. Is there nothing in Yale? I hope sickness and deaths may be sanctified to you all. Here it is very healthy, except that John’s room-mate is sick with lung complaint, but even he is better than he has been. He stayed with us for a fortnight, improved and went back to college; but he has been very unwell since. We had company here last night, so that the girls could not write, and on Friday evening they had a reading society at Esq. Farrar’s. I was afraid that you would miss your letter and so commenced this sheet.”

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From Mrs. Adams.

“ We thank you very much for your last letter. This evening I have learnt that Cousin Asher Perkins is burnt out of house and home. If you know any particulars respecting his loss mention them in your next. We are all in our usual health. William, I hope that you have improved in health, and that you grow in grace. We are very dead, though Mr. Edwards’s people are, I think, in an interesting state. His Bible classes are crowded ; as many as 200 attend his class for gentlemen. Harriet has told you that little Leonard Smith is dead. Mr. and Mrs. Smith appear very well. They have grown in grace. Mr. S. thinks it will make him a better preacher. He will know how to comfort the afflicted. There has never been a death in Dr. Woods’s house since he was married. He does not know how heart-rending it is, when the ties which bind one to a beloved child are suddenly broken. We have great reason for gratitude to the Lord for his goodness to us as a family. While others have sickened and died, we have been preserved. A son of Mr. Frye, who lives

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over the river, was recently taken very ill with influenza. He lived a few days, deprived of reason, and then died. We have no reason to think that he was prepared. O, that we may all be prepared for our last and great change.

“ From your
“ MOTHER.”

“ ANDOVER, April 29.

“ As Mr. T. leaves us in the morning, I write a few lines to inform you that we are all well. I send you a shirt (it is a very nice one and you must keep it for special occasions). Also a handkerchief that you left at home. If you want stockings or pocket-handkerchiefs or thin clothes, you must purchase them. Your father approves of your going to New York. It must be very interesting to be there when the societies meet. Write us from there and give us the particulars.

“ Good night,
“ MOTHER.”

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From Mrs. Adams

“ANDOVER, February 18, 1827.

“I was very happy in receiving a letter from you dated the fourth of this month. I suppose you will want to know something about my health. It is improving every day. I have not been down-stairs as yet, but I have been in the other chamber. I am spinning for exercise. Some days I can spin my twenty-one knots. I am making a carpet. William, I was very glad to hear you speak as you did of New York. I have had some anxiety, fearing you would give up the ministry and go into business. A Miss Tucker, from Newburyport, has opened a school here in the vestry. She is a very pious young lady, and they say highly recommended. She attends to all the higher branches and to music. If I thought that wind and weather and walking would permit, I would send Abby-Ann and Emily. I have been down below this afternoon for the first time in fourteen weeks. I hope I am sufficiently thankful that my life is spared. Oh, that I may live more to the glory of God than ever I have done before!

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May I be more devoted to my family and more useful to them than I have been in the past! My neighbors sicken and die, but I am spared!"

From Mrs. Adams.

"ANDOVER, June 28, }
"Tuesday Afternoon. }

"Do not think, dear William, that because we have not written we have forgotten you. That is very far from the truth. You are mentioned every day, but, owing to multiplicity of business and cares, we have had no time for letters. I think I can say with certainty that Phœbe is better. If she has no more setbacks she will soon recover. She rides out every pleasant day. John is also much better. He rides, writes, walks and reads. I think his mind is more comfortable—much more so. William, it is the particular wish of your father and mother that you should not go sailing this summer, nor bathe in deep water. A very melancholy accident took place in Portsmouth last Wednesday. Eight persons were drowned

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at Hanover, two of them Ripley's classmates. They went out for a party of pleasure; there came a little gust of wind and upset the boat when two or three miles from shore, and all went to the bottom. At the time we heard of the accident the bodies had not been found. William, I want you to tell me all about the seriousness in town and college. Be very particular about your health, your diet and exercise, and the sailing. Tell me that you will not go! Your father said you must be careful about going into the water, for in some places it is very deep, and there are sharks. You are too precious for them. Be careful. Remember us to all your friends.

“MOTHER.”

CHAPTER VII
OLD ANDOVER

“A city that is set on a hill.”

—MATTHEW 5:14.

CHAPTER VII

OLD ANDOVER

THE richest and happiest years of John Adams's life were passed in Old Andover. With no other community did he ever become so fully identified ; and when after twenty-three years of residence he left the town, it still remained both to him and to his children the one spot on earth which they called home.

And not only did Mr. Adams spend the best years of his own life in Andover, but he lived in the interesting old town at what might be called the classic period of its history. At no other time have its streets been trodden by the footsteps of more eminent men than during the quarter century of his incumbency

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of the Principal's chair in Phillips Academy. Dr. Justin Edwards was at this time pastor of the Old South Church. Dr. Ebenezer Porter was President of the newly founded Theological Seminary, Dr. Leonard Woods filled the influential chair of Systematic Theology, while from the study of Professor Moses Stuart were issuing those Hebrew text-books which revolutionized that department of learning in our country.

These were the men who became John Adams's most intimate and valued friends. With them he was associated in the many works of piety and philanthropy which had their origin in Andover during the early years of this century. These inspiring contacts he ever counted among the highest privileges of his life.

When John Adams came to Andover it was a quiet town with scanty facilities for communication with the outside world. Josiah Quincy tells us that in 1810 the mail carrier came but three times in the week, that letters cost twenty-five cents apiece and that the only newspaper

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which he ever saw in the town was a sheet devoted to the interests of Colchester which was taken by John Adams. Nevertheless through its Academy and Seminary Andover was a centre of influence in New England. Those were the days of strong Unitarian reaction and the theological Seminary upon Andover Hill became the most important citadel of old-fashioned orthodoxy. Controversy was in the air. Those who believed in the rigid Calvinism of its professors spoke of the site as "the Hill of Zion," while among the body of its opponents it was popularly known as "Brimstone Hill."

A well-known caricature of the day represents the three chief professors of the Seminary at work in a mill. Professor Stuart is busily engaged in throwing pumpkins into a hopper, Dr. Woods, the theologian, is saying in his cautious way, "Not so fast, Brother Stuart; not so fast." While Dr. Porter, the President, takes the little ministers as they emerge from the hopper and carefully dusts them off with a whisk broom. But the friends of the Seminary could turn the weapon of ridicule against their

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assailants. Once, when amid a roar of laughter a young Harvard graduate had described this picture at a large party in Boston, composed chiefly of those who had little sympathy with the Seminary, a gentleman sitting by remarked quietly, "At Andover they put in pumpkins and they come out ministers; that is better than some other institutions where they put in pumpkins and they come out pumpkins."

The figures of the Seminary professors have been often described. The first to claim our notice is Dr. Ebenezer Porter, the President, and Professor of Sacred Rhetoric. He was a tall man, with a large head, covered with stiff grey hair, an immovable eye, and a mouth drawn as if in pain. A chronic invalid, he yet always presented to his students the pattern of a Christian gentleman. No suffering had ever been known to make him forget his exquisite courtesy or to disturb the dignified composure of his manner. He lived in a handsome colonial house, which had been built but never occupied by Dr. Edward Griffin, the well-known President of Williams College. Many interest-

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ing associations cluster about this house. The children of Andover had a great awe of it, both on account of its unusual elegance, and because of the peculiarities of its mistress. "Once sent on an errand to Mrs. Porter and small indeed was the chance of escaping an impromptu prayer-meeting. 'God will listen to an instant's prayer as well as to a longer petition,' she was accustomed to say to us when we pleaded the command to hasten." Occasionally she would invite children to spend the day with her. "We were then," says Emily Adams, "shut up in the parlor with Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress' and bread and water for refreshment. From time to time our hostess would drop in to offer a prayer and would then retire leaving us to think of our lost condition."

Who that had attended them could ever forget the prayer-meetings in behalf of the Jews which were held weekly at the Porter House? "Mrs. Porter," writes one of the participants,* "was the sole originator—I may say proprietor

* Mrs. Robbin, in "Old Andover Days."

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—of these meetings. What charm she could have thrown around them to draw young people thither I cannot imagine ; but every Friday night we climbed the icy steps, swung open the carefully closed doors, and groped our way through the desolate hall by the aid of the tallow candle in the bright brass candlestick, to a small room, where was a stand holding the inevitable tallow dip, a pile of hymn books and a Bible. Close by there was a red-hot stove, and almost touching the stove a little woman dressed in plain black, a light lace cap, with narrow strings, surmounting a face so singularly pale and quiet that she might have passed for a saint slipped out from a frame. Two small white hands were always folded softly together in her lap, and two small brown eyes twinkled out the only welcome we ever received. Yellow wooden chairs were arranged in close and solemn order next the walls of the room, and before these, to be occupied by the smaller children, was always carefully placed a carpeted foot-stool. No matter how early we came, not a syllable was allowed to be spoken, and any

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attempt at a whisper was followed by a denunciatory trotting of the little moccasined feet upon the bare floor. Generally three or four of the Seminary students came in to carry on the meeting, chosen by Mrs. Porter because of their special zeal for the conversion of the down-trodden race. Upon them, as upon us, rested the magnetism of the occasion. They were earnest and devout. The Jews were not cold, formal objects of prayers; they became living, suffering, sinning fellow-mortals, near and dear, in that Christ had been one of them and dwelt among them. This may have been, and probably was, the peculiar chord sympathetically touched in that dreary little room. I never recall the scene without feeling as if He had come into the darkness with us."

Dr. Leonard Woods, the Theologian of the Seminary, and for many years the President of the Doctrinal Tract Society of Boston, was another tall, dignified figure, with a patient, gentle face and mild blue eyes. His students had a great respect for his clear insight and formidable powers of logic. He was not usu-

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ally considered an entertaining companion, but he had a dry humor which stood him in good stead on some occasions. The following characteristic incident is related by his daughter : “ In the early part of Dr. Woods’s ministry he was one of an association of clergymen convened to examine a young candidate for the sacred office. All went on well until the Moderator asked what was called the ‘ test question ’ : ‘ Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God ? ’ The candidate hesitated ; his face blanched. He could not answer in the affirmative. Perceiving his embarrassment, Dr. Woods said in his usual calm manner : ‘ Perhaps I can put the question in a way which will relieve the candidate. Are you willing, Sir, that the Moderator should be damned for the glory of God ? ’ ‘ Perfectly, Sir, perfectly—if such be God’s will.’ After a hearty laugh the association proceeded to vote that the candidate be licensed.”

From the cool atmosphere of Dr. Woods’s class room to the fervid temperature of that of Moses Stuart was indeed a change. Of this

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famous teacher men often said, “The sword is too sharp for the scabbard.” He threw himself intensely into all that he did, whether it were work in a hay field, the chopping of his winter’s supply of wood, or the preparation of a brilliant Biblical Commentary. Dr. O. W. Holmes writes :* “I have seen few more sterling figures in my life than his as I remember it. Tall, lean, with strong bold features, accipitrine nose, thin, expressive lips, great solemnity and impressiveness of voice and manner, he was my early model of a classic orator. His air was Roman, his neck long and bare, like Cicero’s, and his toga—that is, his broad-cloth cloak, was carried on his arm with such rigid, statue-like grace that he might have been turned into marble as he stood, and looked noble by the side of the antiques in the Vatican.”

Others with whom John Adams was brought into intimate fellowship were his pastor, Dr. Justin Edwards, and Samuel Farrar, Esq., the treasurer of the Seminary. The former was

* In “Cinders from the Ashes.”

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the wise and progressive minister of the Old South Church, and is best known to history as the father of the modern temperance movement. The latter became an especial friend of Mr. Adams, and was bound to him by ties of peculiar tenderness. More than once he expressed the wish that he might be buried near him. “We have lived together, my friend,” he would say, “let us rise together.”

Into this honorable body of saints and sages John Adams was received with a hearty welcome. He became, after his own fashion, an important factor in the life of their town. While at no time could he have been called a man of many affairs, he was never neglectful of his obligations as a Christian and a citizen. For many years he was a deacon of the Seminary church, and the poor of Andover have reason to remember his faithful care. He constituted himself a sort of guardian of the public manners and morals, and none were found bold enough to dispute his sway. “Had John Adams, the village Sachem, seen a young man smoking a pipe on the streets of Andover,”

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writes Professor Park, “he would not have hesitated to strike it from his mouth.” But, better than this, he followed with earnest interest, and, when possible, took an active part in the organization of those great agencies for good which took their rise in the Andover of his day.

Every Monday evening he might have been seen slowly wending his way across the village green toward the house of the President, where, with the three Seminary Professors and Samuel Farrar, Dr. Justin Edwards and Mark Newman, the latter’s senior deacon, he met in weekly conference “to devise ways and means of doing good.”

The story of these memorable meetings in Dr. Porter’s study has been fully and beautifully told by Professor Austin Phelps.*

“They have a custom in the villages of the Rhine,” writes Professor Phelps, “of anchoring a grist mill in the middle of the river where the current is strongest and making the rapids grind the food of the whole community. The river is a docile laborer. It asks for no wages,

* In “My Study.”

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threatens no strike, and never quits work for a carouse. It puts into the mill a power independent of drawbacks and which has no caprices. So let any man plant himself in the midstream of God's plans and take manful grip at the thing that comes first to hand, and the current of eternal decree will impart its own momentum to his work so that it will grow into grand achievement."

In such manner did the simple men of Andover set about their work. They had no thought of putting world-wide forces into operation. They did what the need of the moment seemed to require, and the story of the result reads like a fairy tale. At their quiet meetings were born those noble organizations which we call the American Tract Society, the American Education Society and the whole system of Temperance Societies. There also were suggested the Monthly Concert of Prayer for Missions, and the Annual Concert of Prayer for Colleges. And it was as a fruit of their efforts that the first permanent weekly religious paper was established in America.

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As to the part which John Adams played at these conferences we can have little doubt. He was not an originator. The fresh thought, the initial impulse did not proceed from him. But he possessed a balanced and prudent mind, a sound common sense and a sober judgment, which made him a valuable counsellor. In the words of one of his colleagues : “ He seemed to know by instinct what would be the best way of doing the right thing.” He was also always ready to bear his part in whatever active service might be required to launch a new enterprise.

In a few modest words John Adams tells us of his share in the founding of the Tract Society. “ At the meetings in Dr. Porter’s study the necessity of a wider dissemination of religious literature was often discussed. As usual the conclusion was reached that something practical must be done at once. The work was carefully planned, divided and assigned to different individuals. Some were to collect funds, some to select and prepare the proper leaflets, some to contract with the printers. I well remember how we started in different directions

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with our subscription papers. Dr. Woods went to Marblehead and I to Newburyport. We were both successful beyond our anticipations. In one day I received subscriptions for more than one hundred dollars. Ample funds were soon provided, and we commenced our deposits at the Hon. S. Armstrong's book store in Boston with three tons' weight of tracts."

Of the origin of the "Boston Recorder" he speaks as follows :

"A subject which was forced upon our attention was the desecration of the Christian Sabbath by travellers, teamsters and drovers. The evil was great and constantly increasing. The people of the Hill were annoyed every Sabbath on their way to and from church. Something must be done to arrest the evil; but what? We looked into the laws of Massachusetts on the subject of the Sabbath. We consulted civilians, lawyers and clergymen. It was thought best to call a convention at Topsfield. This was fully attended by friends of the Sabbath. It was concluded that the laws were

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sufficient if they could be executed. Upon this an attempt was made to put in force in Andover the laws as to Sabbath breakers. The plan succeeded for a time but was finally arrested by the judgment of a higher court. The sinners had obtained a triumph. What next? If legal force could not be applied moral force must. Several wise and exceptionally well-written articles were prepared for the press; but such pieces could not be published in any of the newspapers of the day. ‘If it be so, if it has come to this,’ said Dr. Porter, ‘it is time that we had a paper that will publish them.’” This emergency gave rise to the “Boston Recorder,” the first religious weekly permanently established in the United States.

The cause of temperance also claimed John Adams’s deepest sympathy and interest. He belonged to that “Association of Heads of Families for the Promotion of Temperance” which was the earliest organized movement in the world founded on the pledge of total abstinence. He was among the first to remove the inevitable decanter from his sideboard and re-

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place it with coffee. When his daughter Elizabeth was married no wine was served to the wedding guests, an omission which was considered so extraordinary as to excite public comment.

The meetings in Dr. Porter's study were closely connected with the early history of missions in our country. The first missionaries, Judson, Newell, Mills and Nott, were students in the seminary. Their petition for support to the General Association of Massachusetts was framed by the advice of their professors who sent two of their number to advocate it before the meeting at Bradford.

Those were the days when the missionary spirit came like the breath of God upon his people, and more young men offered themselves for the field than could possibly be supported. At Andover the enthusiasm was at white heat. Dr. Woods, out of a salary of \$1,500 gave \$1,000 to the cause, his family gladly joining with him in the severe economies which such generosity necessitated. Women cast their jewelry, men their watches, silver

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buckles, and pledges on land and cattle into the contribution box. The children went without butter and sugar for weeks at a time in order to send their savings to the perishing heathen. Young girls saved twenty-five cents here and fifty there on the trimming of their simple gowns and sold their modest ornaments for a few dollars to fill the coffers of the Women's Board.

To this cause John Adams was a constant contributor. The missionary meetings were eagerly attended by himself and his family. With what interest they watched the departure of the first foreign missionaries, and how anxiously they waited for news of those who had gone out into the wilds of our own country, we learn from many letters. But the best missionary service which Mr. Adams rendered was in training workers for the field. Nothing which he said in the meetings compared in influence with the long line of young men who went out from the Academy inspired by his enthusiasm, and drawing strength for the labors which awaited them from the deep sources which fed the schoolmaster's own religious life.

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Little did John Adams think, as he bade them God speed, that the evening of his own days would find him engaged in the same arduous work into which he had sent forth so many young and ardent volunteers.

CHAPTER VIII
CHANGING SCENES

*“Though marks there be of sorrow and decay,
Waste no regrets. So has it been alway;
God’s messengers come oft in suits of grey
His choicest blessings bearing.”*

CHAPTER VIII
CHANGING SCENES

1831-1842

IT was not the custom in the good old New England days for a man to remain long single. Public opinion was strongly in favor of his securing a second helpmeet as soon after the removal of the first as might be possible in the wise ordering of Providence. It was not strange, therefore, that barely two years had elapsed since the death of his deeply loved wife, when it was borne in upon the mind of John Adams that the time had come for him to bring another mother to his home. Calling his children together, he asked the consent of each one in turn to so important an undertaking. All readily assented until his daughter

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Emily was questioned, when she said, “I have a mother in heaven, but she is my mother still.” Her younger sister, Phœbe, who was always called Emily’s echo, took the same position. “I feel as Emily does.” This settled the question for Mr. Adams. “I shall bring no one here,” he said, “to fill that place unless all the children are pleased.” What followed may be given in Emily’s own words: “Sister and I were delighted with what we had accomplished, and felt gratified that we were of so much importance. Our happiness continued for several days. But then a little misgiving crept in, and one night, sitting under the cherry tree, my sister said, ‘Do you think we did right?’ I answered, ‘It does seem selfish.’ ‘Well,’ said Phœbe, ‘you tell father to do as he pleases, and we will be good.’ ‘I cannot talk,’ I replied, ‘for it makes me cry; but I will write him a letter and you shall sign it.’ This we did. The little note written by us was placed by father among his private papers, where it was found after his death.”

The consent of his family having thus been

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obtained, John Adams set out at once for Troy, the home of the lady of his choice. During his absence prayer was offered in the Seminary Chapel for his preservation upon the long and arduous journey! On August 30, 1831, he married Mrs. Mabel Burritt, the widow of Mr. Ely Burritt of Troy, and brought her back with him to the old home at Andover, where the children received her with a dutiful welcome.

The fall of 1832 was destined to be an eventful one in the family history. Principal Adams had been heard to say that no man ought to teach after he was sixty years old. Time had stolen a march upon him, and now his own sixtieth birthday was but a few months distant. Without doubt, the time was come for him to put his precept into practice; and, should his purpose falter, there were not wanting outside influences to spur him to action. It was a bitter hour for the proud and faithful old teacher when he realized that the new members of the Board of Trustees wished to place a younger man at the head of affairs in the

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Academy. But the discipline of a lifetime now stood him in good stead. No sooner had he grasped the situation than his course was clear. There was not a moment's hesitation. To his son William he wrote as follows :

“ PHILLIPS ACADEMY, Oct. 1, 1832.

“ Your very kind and affectionate letter was received on Saturday and read with deep interest. I know that you and all my dear children will sympathize with me in my present circumstances. You are mistaken in supposing that I wish to continue in the Academy. The fact is that I cannot continue. I must resign my office as Principal, not because I think myself too aged, but because it is expedient. If the Trustees, or any of their number feel that the best interest of the Academy will be promoted by the introduction of a younger man, how can I make up my mind to remain ? I expect to tender my resignation as soon as the Trustees meet, which will probably be in the course of a few weeks. I hope they will accept it without delay, for I can-

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not bear suspense. I know not what course to take, or how it will be possible for me to keep my family together. But God reigns. This is my consolation. He has cared for me and mine thus far, blessed be his name, and I can trust him for the time to come. ‘I have been young, and now am old ; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.’ ‘Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.’ ‘All things work together for good to them that love God.’ Precious promises ! I am full of solicitude and anxious thought, but I am not destroyed. The Lord will provide. We feel very anxious about Abby. She was all resolution and animation. She wrote to Boston and then to Hartford seeking a situation as a teacher, but her plans were frustrated as no opening presented itself. Last week she was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and this has continued more or less ever since. But we believe that she has a God and a merciful Saviour, and all will be well.

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“I wish you not to be over anxious on my account, but to go on with your work, study hard, and rise higher and higher as an able, learned, eloquent and pious minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. Be a revival man, and do your work faithfully while you are young and are permitted to labor for the salvation of souls. Remember that you can pass through life but once.

“All unite with me in love to you and to your dear wife. In great haste,

“Your affectionate father,

“JOHN ADAMS.”

The Board of Trustees soon received a notification that Principal Adams desired to be released from “the duties, honors and emoluments of his office.” A meeting was held in Boston to take action upon this letter. Mr. Adams appeared before it and in a calm voice read his words of resignation, then, bowing silently, left the room. One of the Trustees hastened after to offer him hospitality for the night, but his well-meant offer was respectfully

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declined. Mr. Adams returned to the hotel, "to bed, but not to sleep."

The letter of resignation, which can scarcely have been heard without emotion by the older members of the Board, ran as follows:

"November 22, 1832.

"TO THE HONORABLE AND REVEREND TRUSTEES OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

"GENTLEMEN:

"I began the business of instruction in my native town, Canterbury, Connecticut, in the fall of 1795. I was invited to Plainfield Academy, Connecticut, in the year 1800, and, in the year 1803, I was chosen Preceptor of Bacon Academy, Colchester, Connecticut. During this period of about fifteen years I had under my care and instruction about two thousand pupils, many of whom are now holding important offices both in Church and State. With this experience, and in the thirty-eighth year of my age, I commenced the duties of my office in this Academy on the 6th day of June, 1810. My feelings have

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always been opposed to anything ostentatious. Of choice I went alone, without any of the ceremonies usual on such occasions, unaccompanied by any of the trustees, a stranger to all around me. Yet I did it with a full determination to devote myself entirely and exclusively to the responsible work before me, hoping and praying that with the blessing of God I might conduct the school in all respects according to the intention and wishes of the pious founders. Looking back upon the period of more than twenty-two years, I can say honestly and truly that I have been devoted heartily and exclusively to what I consider the best good of my pupils. Although I have neglected my own pecuniary interest I have not neglected them. Although I have not been writing, compiling and publishing books to bring myself into public notice, or engaged in any money-making business by which to lay up a fund for the support of old age, yet, by laboring incessantly in my appropriate duties, and by sacrificing every selfish and personal consideration, I have secured that which is

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of more value than *money*—an approving conscience.

“ I have always considered punctuality as an important duty and have very seldom been absent or tardy on any occasion. I have never asked for any dispensation or leave of absence during the whole period except in that single instance which is still fresh in the memory of you all.

“ I have always been blessed with good health ; and for the last five years I have not been absent from school a day or even half an hour on account of sickness or any kind of indisposition. I have never in a single instance troubled the trustees with any case of discipline arising in the Academy. Although I am now putting off the harness, and boasting does not become me, yet you will permit me to name a few facts. After Mr. Newman left the Academy the number of scholars became small. I commenced with only twenty-three pupils and with one assistant, and, as no notice was given in the public papers that the Academy was again organized, I closed my first year with only thirty-

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three. For about three years the number increased gradually to sixty, when the Academy was considered full. The trustees, however, voted that I might admit more; and that when the number should amount to seventy-five they would allow me another assistant, which was done—and when it should amount to one hundred they would allow me a third. This also was done for several years in succession, from the year 1817 to 1824 inclusive.

“I leave the Academy in a prosperous condition, containing, according to our last catalogue, ninety scholars, all of whom are pursuing classical studies.

“I have admitted into the Academy one thousand one hundred and nineteen pupils. About one-half of this number have received a collegiate education. What has been the moral and intellectual stand taken by my pupils in the colleges of New England needs no comment from me. During their stay at the Academy more than one hundred and fifty became hopefully pious. About two hundred, or nearly one in every five, have entered the

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ministry, and many have given themselves to the sacred cause of missions.

“ I have loved my work and have devoted to it my all. How far I have been successful is left to the judgment of others. But, although my attachment to this school is strong, and the idea of a separation from it is painful to me, yet the time has come when I judge it expedient to resign.

“ And I do hereby resign my office as Principal of Phillips Academy.

“ I do this with feelings which you, Brethren, could more easily conceive of if you were placed precisely in my circumstances.

“ With a heart too full for utterance, permit me, in taking leave of you, to render you my most cordial thanks for the many expressions of your friendship, kindness and Christian sympathy.

“ Having entire confidence in the Board, and very great respect and affection for every individual member of it, I hope you will be disposed to cast over my many imperfections and defective services the mantle of love,

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and that I may pass through the remnant of my days with this assurance, that I still enjoy your sympathy and your prayers.

“JOHN ADAMS.”

The next morning Mr. Adams received from the Board the following minute of their proceedings :

“At a meeting of the Trustees of Phillips Academy, November 22, 1832, the communication of Mr. Adams having been read, it was

“Voted: That, in consideration of the long and devoted services of Mr. Adams as Principal of Phillips Academy and as an additional compensation for those services, he have the occupancy of the house in which he now lives free of rent till the close of the present academic year, in August next, and that the Treasurer pay him the sum of eight hundred dollars in quarterly payments, reckoning from this date.

“Voted: That the resignation of Mr. Adams be accepted.

“Voted: That, in case Mr. Adams should

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choose not to continue the occupancy of the house in which he now lives till August next, an equivalent be paid him by the Treasurer at the rate of two hundred dollars a year.

“ Voted : That this Board entertain a high sense of the value of the services of Mr. Adams during his connection with them as Principal of Phillips Academy, and assure him of their affectionate confidence and their deep interest in his future usefulness and happiness, and as a testimony of their high respect for Mr. Adams and satisfaction in the character and results of his labors, and with a view to the benefit of those who shall succeed him, the Clerk be directed to enter in full his communication this day made on the Records of the Board.

“ A true copy of Record.

“ Attest M. NEWMAN,
 “ Clerk.”

These kindly words no doubt had their value to John Adams, but no balm could heal the wound which he had received or make the

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wrench of parting anything but painful. His was a nature which struck its roots deep in familiar soil. It could only be dislodged at the cost of great suffering.

The sorrow of his heart finds expression in the broken entries in his diary for 1832 :

Nov. 26, 1832.

This day closes the Fall Term. At the end of the examinations I took leave of my pupils. Who can describe my feelings on that occasion ! I attempted to commend them to that God who has so often smiled upon the Academy in past seasons. This evening I find myself without employment, without income. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?

“ Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.” Lord Jesus, I take thee at thy word. The Trustees have requested Mr. Osgood Johnson, my assistant, to take charge of the Academy till the close of the present academic year, in August next. May the Lord sustain him and give him health and strength, wisdom

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and grace, and use him as an instrument of far greater good to the Academy than his predecessor.

Nov. 27.

This day set apart for humiliation, self-examination, fasting and prayer. I was reading and meditating on the 14th Chap. of St. John's Gospel, when I was interrupted by a call from Mr. Johnson, who came to ask for advice. Had a pleasant interview, gave him my counsel in relation to the school.

Nov. 29. Thanksgiving.

Was greatly depressed in relation to my own soul and on account of my family. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

Nov. 30.

Several of my children came to visit us. My solicitude, I fear, was the cause of anxiety to them.

Dec. 1, Saturday.

I was greatly depressed. Lord Jesus, for-

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sake me not, now when I am old and rapidly approaching that period when I must quit all earthly scenes.

Dec. 2, Sabbath.

Very cold and dull ; oh, my hard and ungrateful heart ! Lord Jesus, wilt thou soften it !

Dec. 3, Monday.

Had some consolation in dwelling on this truth : "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." He will not forsake me if I cleave to him ! Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?

Dec. 4, Tuesday.

Went to Boston to see friends and inquire of them what course I should take, how I could be useful and procure my daily bread. Found friends kind to me and some prepared to give advice. It does seem that I have done my work, that there is nothing more for me to do but to set my house in order and prepare for my own approaching dissolution.

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Dec. 7, Friday.

Returned home almost discouraged.

Dec. 8, Saturday.

Rainy, depressed, unhappy. Oh Lord, have mercy on me and deliver me from all sin, and give me perfect resignation to thy holy will !

Dec. 9, Sabbath.

Mr. Stuart preached all day. Troubled much with wandering thoughts. Had but little enjoyment.

Dec. 10, Monday.

My children, I am informed, have agreed to observe this day as a day of fasting and prayer on my account. Oh may the Lord Jesus help them all and hear their supplications in my behalf.

Dec. 28.

Am still anxious ; Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ? I commit my *all* to thee, oh my Saviour !

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March 28, 1833.

Had a vendue at my house, a day of severe trial. It seemed like breaking up the family. May the Lord direct and bless.

The kindly professors of the Seminary were not slow in providing their distressed friend with the most sincere and ample letters of recommendation.

Dr. Woods wrote :

“ April 22, 1833.

“ Mr. John Adams, the bearer, has, for more than twenty-two years, been the Principal of Phillips Academy in Andover. The reputation and usefulness of that flourishing institution during the above-mentioned period has been chiefly owing, under God, to his able and faithful instructions. For what he has done in the education of my sons I feel myself under obligations to him which I can never discharge. His character as a Christian and as an officer in our church, and in all the relations he has here sustained, has been uniform and exemplary,

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and has secured to him the cordial affection and confidence of those with whom he has been connected.

“ I regard Mr. Adams as possessing distinguished qualifications for the instruction of youth, an employment in which he has been long and successfully engaged. In my opinion, he is competent to any branch of instruction which he can be induced to undertake. But I think him specially qualified to superintend and guide the education of those who are preparing to be teachers of youth.

“ He leaves this place with the sincerest esteem and affection of my heart, and with my earnest prayers that his life and health may be continued, and that for many years to come he may be, as he has been, eminently useful to the cause of learning and religion.

“ Most heartily do I commend him, and his beloved wife and children, to the care and blessing of Almighty God.

“ LEONARD WOODS.

“ Theological Seminary, Andover.”

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Professor Stuart wrote :

“ ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,

“ 24 April, 1833.

“ The bearer of this, Mr. John Adams, has for these last twenty-two years and upwards been Principal of Phillips Academy in this place, and lived in my near neighborhood, and within the circle of those with whom I have been accustomed to have daily and familiar intercourse. It has never fallen to my lot to be acquainted with a more assiduous, indefatigable, faithful, conscientious and successful teacher of youth. As a man, as a Christian, and as a neighbor and citizen, Mr. Adams has sustained an excellent character, and one worthy of the highest confidence and approbation. . . . He goes out with the confidence and entire good-will of all the Trustees and friends of this Seminary, so far as I know ; and certainly with my deep regret at his departure from this place. Being blessed by a kind Providence with health far more vigorous than he could have anticipated, at an earlier period, would follow labors so protracted and severe as his, he is still willing and

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desirous to be employed wherever his lot may be cast, in training up young men in the first part of their preparatory studies for the ministry.

“As qualified in an eminent manner to direct these studies I do most heartily recommend him. I see no reason why he may not be eminently useful in this way for these ten years to come, and perhaps even more. To all the friends of piety, virtue, and education, I would commend him, assuring them that he has shown himself to be worthy of their confidence, their affection, and their sincere esteem, and that they will not be disappointed in committing to him any important trust as to the preparatory branches of education. In a peculiar manner, Christians and my brethren in the ministry will find in him an excellent auxiliary in the great cause in which they are engaged in relation to the object of educating pious youth.

“This testimony is given unsolicited and as the free-will offering of my own conviction and feelings.

“MOSES STUART,
“Professor of Sacred Literature in the
“Theological Seminary at Andover.”

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The autobiographical fragment already referred to gives further details of this trying period.

“For several months,” writes Mr. Adams, “I had trials every day which were almost too much for me to bear; I was all but unmanned, yet not wholly in despair. For the first time in my life, I began to make inquiries for employment. I visited Boston, Salem, and several other places seeking for a school, that being the employment for which I was fitted, but in answer to all these inquiries I could find no encouragement and little sympathy. Wherever I went the natural question arose, ‘Why did he leave Phillips Academy? If he is fit to teach a school, why in the world did they not retain him where he had obtained so wide a reputation?’ Such questions and insinuations would meet me in every place and no satisfactory reason could be given. I could only say that I had thought it best to leave.

“In the spring of 1833 I resolved that I must take more active steps toward earning a

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living. Surely in the wide world, thought I, there must be some place where I can be useful and find a home. Accordingly, after selling my furniture at auction, I broke up housekeeping. My daughters Emily and Phœbe were sent to Ipswich Female Seminary, then under the care of Miss Grant and Mary Lyon, and my wife rejoined her relatives in Troy, while I traveled from place to place in Western New York. This was a season of severe trial. I traveled for several weeks seeking some place where I might be useful and collect my family. More than one situation was offered me, but always with conditions which I could not accept because of my scanty funds."

Of the daughters' share of the family trials, Emily writes as follows:

"We were sent to Ipswich, a large school, and lived in a crowded boarding-house. Soon my sister Phœbe was taken ill and grew rapidly worse. I nursed her day and night and became convinced that where she then was she

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could never become better. I went to Miss Grant and asked permission to remove her to the house of our sister, Mrs. Cowles, in Danvers. She said decidedly, 'Your father has placed you under my care; I cannot give permission.' I went immediately to the public house, engaged seats on the stage, returned to our rooms, paid the bill, packed, and dressed my sister. When the stage arrived, I lifted her in and took her in my arms. We reached Salem, where I took a hack for Danvers. When we arrived I found my sister's house closed. Going to the next house in the block I obtained permission to enter the cellar, and thus gained admission to the house. As I helped my sister to undress she fainted in my arms and we both fell to the floor. Hastily extricating myself, I placed her on the bed and ran for a physician. What a rough world this is, thought I, full of thorns and briars. When morning dawned a policeman arrived and wished to see me. 'Are you the young girl who came in the stage holding a sick friend?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you know what you have

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done?' 'Nothing wrong, I hope.' 'You have passed counterfeit money, and may be arrested.' My heart was beating rapidly, but I would not let him know it. He continued: 'Did you pass a twenty-dollar bill?' 'I did.' 'Where did you get it?' 'I received it from my landlady after paying my board bill.' 'Will you write to her in my presence?' 'Yes, sir, I will.' Seeing my apparent coolness and willingness to obey, he relaxed his austere manner. I wrote and received a good bill; but in the meantime my mind was sorely troubled. Am I to go through life in this way, I asked myself? I had run away from school and passed a counterfeit bill. What would come next? But I wore a cheerful look and attended to Phœbe as if nothing were amiss. When Mrs. Cowles returned after a few days, my most pressing troubles were at an end."

But relief came at last to the distressed family. We continue the story in John Adams's own words. "At length I met with encouragement at Elbridge, New York. Mr. Nathan Monroe,

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a wealthy gentleman of that place, whose son had studied under me at Andover, offered to build an Academy for my use, rent free, and to interest others who would see that I was provided with a suitable dwelling house. Their proposals were accepted, and with my wife and family I went to Elbridge, in September, 1833.

“In many respects we found ourselves pleasantly situated. The Academy prospered and was soon over-run with scholars. But there remained one insurmountable difficulty. The school embraced both sexes, and my daughters, who were my assistants, preferred to teach in a female academy. After about three years, therefore, I decided to resign my situation. I did this against the wishes of the Trustees who earnestly desired me to remain. After my departure the Academy was handsomely endowed by Mr. Monroe, and still continues to be a means of much good to the town of Elbridge.”

During the stay at Elbridge, as afterwards through all their gloomy experience of pioneer life in the West, the two sisters, Emily and

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Phoebe, stood loyally by their distressed father, putting their shoulders under the load, that his burden might as far as possible be eased. Sorrow could not drown the lively disposition of the elder. When teaching at Elbridge, the sisters once called upon their pastor and found him discussing with a friend the different schools of theology and especially that of Andover. "I can hardly think," said the latter, "that a true conversion ever took place upon Andover Hill." As the young ladies prepared to leave, this gentleman felt it his duty to speak to them about their personal salvation. Approaching Emily, he inquired, "Are you a Christian?" "Of course not, Sir." "Why not?" "I was born and brought up on Andover Hill. Good night, sir."

"After my resignation from Monroe Academy," continues the father's narrative, "I visited Ohio, where my three sisters were living, and Jerseyville, Illinois, where lived Dr. A. H. Burritt, a relative of my wife. As a result of these visits, I determined to remove with my

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family to the West, but was not able to decide upon the exact location. With bag and baggage we left Elbridge on the 5th of October, 1836, via Cleveland and the Ohio River, and reached Jerseyville on the first of November. I expected that Dr. Burritt would have secured a house for us, as I had asked him to do, or at least a place where we could board for a short time. But he had done neither. He himself lived in a log house containing only one room. We had to do the best we could, finding lodging here and there with the neighbors. It was a hard blow to the girls and caused them some tears. 'What in the world induced Father to come to such a horrid place?' Amid these primitive surroundings we spent the winter. I purchased for one hundred and fifty dollars a small house with two rooms but no chamber, and had it moved and fitted up as soon as it could be done. During the winter, Phœbe and I taught school in the school-house a few rods from our dwelling. The seats were made of rails and slabs. But in spite of all inconveniences we had a good school of more than

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fifty scholars. As there was no regular minister I was asked to take the services on the Sabbath, the school-house, which was the only place of meeting, serving as the church. During the winter five of my pupils died. Their coffins were brought into the school-house and I conducted the funeral services."

Emily gives us a more detailed account of the removal of the family.

"In a good old book," she writes, "we read of a river on whose banks were witnessed scenes of thrilling interest, and whose waters were potent for the purifying and cleansing of disease. Notwithstanding its sacred associations, however, the name of Jordan is never mentioned but an indescribable chill runs through my every nerve. I seem to see again a canal boat loaded with furniture, starting from the town of Jordan, on the Erie Canal, and carrying far from home, friends and comforts a family from New England, five in number, of whom I was one. The younger members of the party, a step-brother, Phoebe and myself,

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were not very jubilant on that eventful day. The sky had no roseate hues, the future seemed dark and dreary, and it was not easy to submit to the higher powers with even an appearance of cheerfulness. The first night out, father, seeing such disconsolate faces about him, began to repeat proverbs. He had not, perhaps, as many as Solomon, but enough for all practical purposes. ‘ Possess your soul in patience.’ ‘ Content yourselves.’ ‘ Conform to circumstances.’ But we were homesick, a sickness which cannot be described but must be experienced. No word in the English language is a synonym for homesickness unless it be despair. The heavens above and the earth beneath were covered with a darkness which could be felt. We were leaving home and friends, going where? For what purpose? What good would it all do? And what could we expect to find in that far-off country? At nine o’clock we all laid down to rest on our little shelves, never dreaming of danger, when some machinery gave way and a weight of full 180 pounds came down upon us. A general commotion ensued,

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and after some effort we were extricated with life not quite extinct. By day we lay on the top of the boat, prostrating ourselves as we went under bridges, which occurred very often, reading, singing and thinking. One of the hymns we sang was this :

*'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green.
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.'*

“ The hardships and trials of the Pilgrim Fathers rose up before us, and sank into insignificance when we thought of our own trials. Good old Father Abraham comforted us not a little, for he went out from house and kindred not knowing whither he should go, but with faith in the unseen hand which was guiding him. With like faith we trusted and journeyed to the Promised Land.

“ On we traveled, entering locks beneath the earth and rising to the surface with bumps and thumps as the water flowed in. On the sixth day we reached Buffalo, and on the seventh we

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rested. On Monday we took passage on the 'Sandusky' for Cleveland, which transit occupied twenty-four hours. The Lake was rough and stormy. At Cleveland we again entered a canal boat for Portsmouth, Ohio, to reach which point it was necessary to crawl along the whole length of the Ohio Canal. We often thought that a storm on the Lake, a fire at sea, or an earthquake on dry land would be preferable to the dull monotony of a canal boat. The second morning, as there were twenty locks to pass through, we decided to walk. After extending our walk for two miles we entered a hotel to rest and then decided to walk *back* and meet the boat. Two weeks passed thus before we reached Portsmouth. Here we waited for a boat on the Ohio River, and on Wednesday took passage on the 'Rufus Putnam.' The first night the boat ran aground and lost both chimneys, and the night was spent in finding them. Saturday morning we reached Louisville. We then went on board a boat bound for St. Louis. There we took another boat for Alton. From Alton we traveled by land to

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Jerseyville. During this trip we had the pleasure of passing through what the Yankees call 'sloughs' and the Westerns 'slews.' As there were no bridges over the small streams we would descend into the 'slews,' no matter how deep, horses, wagons, chairs and people, all in one heap; so we would remain until we ascended when we would readjust and wait for another 'slew.' Jerseyville, where we decided to remain for a short time, was a small place with but one frame house. We had been four weeks on our journey and were tired and sad. A house with two rooms was purchased for one hundred and fifty dollars and there we spent the winter. Our furniture was ruined, our mirrors broken, our chairs and tables were minus legs and arms. All seemed hopelessly dreary. But we were soon settled and tried to be cheerful, for such as it was, this was to be our home.

"As we were descended from the Pilgrims and accustomed to go to Church three times on a Sabbath, we inquired for a place of worship. A small building, eighteen by twenty feet, with

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one room in which lived a widow with six children, was pointed out to us as the church. Upon entering, we found ourselves obliged to sit on rails, holding on by our hands to preserve our equilibrium. Our homesickness at the sight caused some tears, but the ludicrousness of the situation soon drew forth suppressed laughter. On the second Sabbath the minister appeared, holding in his hand a broken pitcher and two tumblers for the administration of the Sacrament. In imagination we went back to that upper chamber where a few devoted followers were assembled and One came and stood in the midst and cheered them. Our own past and present were forgotten in the contemplation of that scene."

In the following February John Adams was invited to take charge of a female seminary at Jacksonville, Illinois. Thither he removed on May 3, 1837, with his two daughters, Emily and Phœbe, who were again to be his assistants in the work of teaching. Curiously enough, their association with the scene of

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their new labors dated back to the happy days in Andover. Emily writes :

“ In 1830, Mr. Ellis, of Jacksonville, Illinois, visited Andover to solicit funds for the new female seminary there to be established. Having obtained permission as a child to go to church and hear a man talk about the West, I sat among his auditors and listened eagerly. He presented in glowing colors the delightful country, the salubrious climate, the rich soil, the boundless prairies; but he depicted also the darkness and ignorance which prevailed. There were no churches, no school-houses in which to teach and refine the rude and uncultivated girls from the creeks and prairies. The New England people contributed largely, and Mr. Ellis returned rejoicing in his success. The first principal of the Jacksonville Seminary was Miss Sarah Crocker from New Hampshire. With what pity did we look upon her as she was bidding farewell to her friends and her New England home to teach in the far West. ‘ Oh,’ I exclaimed, ‘ if she should be devoured

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by wolves on the prairies, or scalped by the Indians, it would be two months before the news could reach us.' This thought was sufficient to banish forever any idea of walking in her footsteps."

Who would then have believed it possible that the third principal of the Jacksonville Academy would be no other than Mr. John Adams.

Of the way in which her father met his new problems she writes as follows:

"Though my father had had long experience as an educator, he had none whatever in the kind of work which was opening before him. Girls direct from the timber and the creeks, as wild as the dumb creatures who had their homes in these haunts, crowded about him. Their manners were uncouth, their language barbarous. It was a question whether the venerable pedagogue from Boston could understand such material or make anything from it. But he grasped the situation at once.

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He perceived no difference between the youth of the East or of the West, but such as resulted from their different circumstances; and he well knew that it was the work upon which he was entering which alone could readjust the scale and restore the balance. His policy in dealing with these wild girls was first of all to win their hearts, then he could mould them to any form he pleased. Love was the power by which he subdued them. This was his only threat, his only penalty. He had no occasion to call in parents or trustees to enforce his authority. Often the wrongdoer was melted by his tender manner and tearful eye, and would throw her arms about his neck in token of unqualified submission. His will was like iron, but his heart had grown soft as that of a little child. His law was like that of the Medes and Persians; but it was law in the hands of a mediator."

There is little to add to Emily's narrative. The Adams family passed several happy years as teachers in Jacksonville. They lived in the basement below the school and taught in the

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rooms above. The school prospered greatly, and after the first public examination they had always many more applicants than it was possible to accommodate. This led the Trustees to make earnest efforts to complete the building. This work had just been most successfully accomplished, when, to the surprise and sorrow of all, John Adams resigned his position. He was moved, he says, by a sort of inward compulsion. His daughter Phœbe had married Mr. Campbell, a banker of Jacksonville, and Emily was worn out by her faithful labors and needed rest. Although he was in good health and still loved to teach, he could not forget that he was seventy years of age.

Again the anxious question arose, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? To all human appearances, he had outlived the time of his usefulness. But God still had a work for his servant to do—a work for which all the past had been a preparation—for the sake of which, in His wise Providence, He had led him safely from Andover to Elbridge, and from Elbridge across the trackless prairie to distant Illinois.

CHAPTER IX
FATHER ADAMS

*“Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be—
The last of life for which the whole was planned.”*

—BROWNING.

CHAPTER IX
FATHER ADAMS

1842-1854

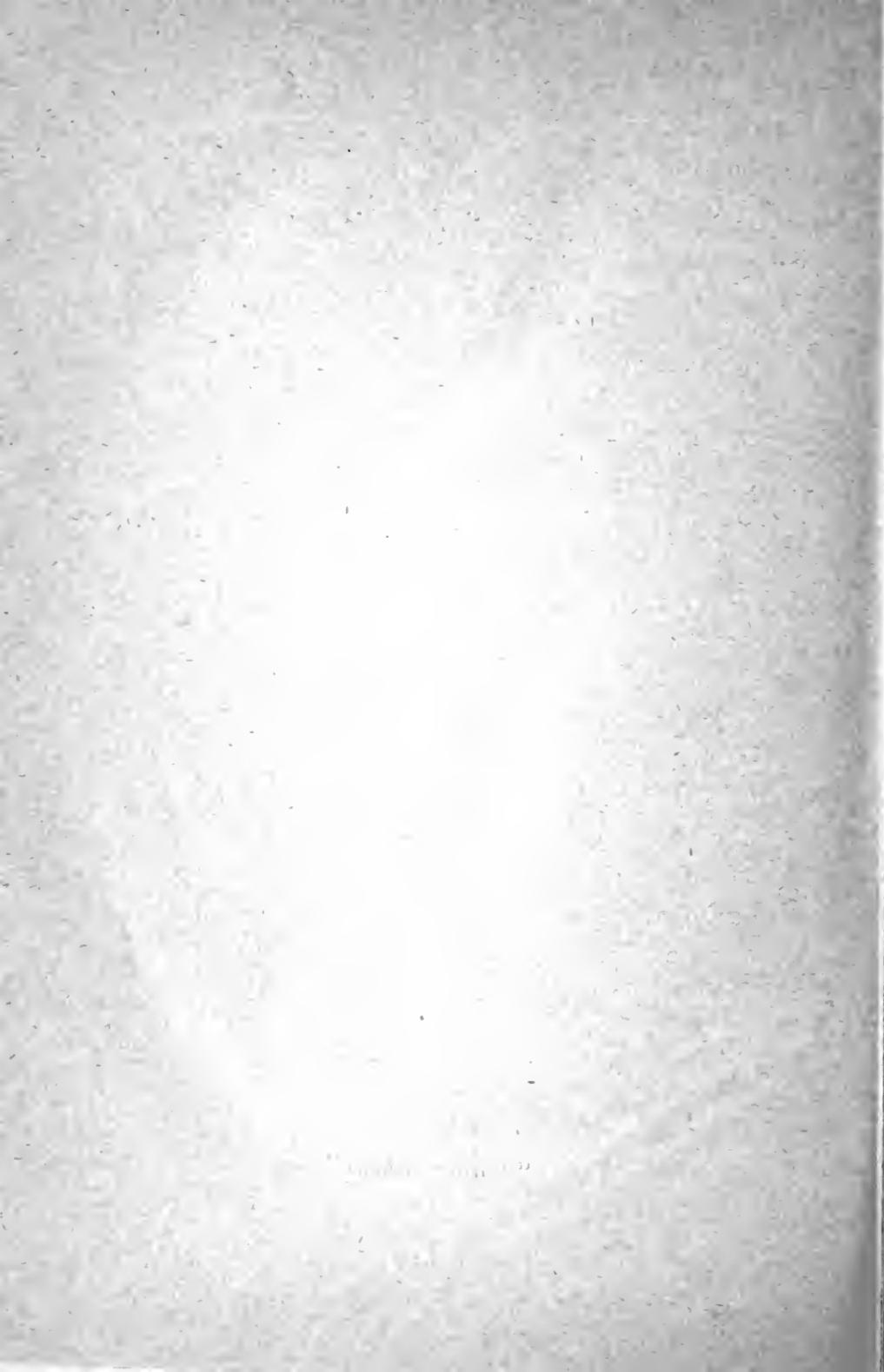
ONE cannot fail to be struck by the contrast between the gentle figure of "Father Adams," the beloved missionary of the west, and that of the severe and somewhat despotic Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover. The years of misfortune and wandering had brought forth in John Adams's character the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Not less firm in his religious convictions or more tolerant of evil than in the past, it was yet true that a change had come over his inner spiritual life. There had been more of Law than of Gospel in the theology of his earlier days; but now the balance was shifted. The

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God who in the time of his prosperity had impressed him chiefly with awe had in the days of his adversity revealed Himself as a loving Comforter and Friend. It is the tender aspects of the divine character, rather than those which are sterner and more terrible, upon which from this time forth we find his mind dwelling.

Soon after his resignation from the Jacksonville Academy Mr. Adams received a letter from the American Sunday School Union asking him to be their agent for the State of Illinois. No offer could have been more congenial. His work had always been for children, and he felt himself still able to win their confidence and to command their respect. He therefore accepted the proposal with alacrity; and, purchasing a good horse and buggy, began at once to labor in his new field. His work lay among the scattered population of the prairies and involved no small degree of physical hardship. We wonder as we read of what was endured by this missionary, of over seventy years, how he bore scanty fare, long exposures to wind and rain, night journeys over the

“Father Adams”







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roughest roads taken alone in his little buggy. The secret of his strength was without doubt to be found in the happiness which came to him through service. He was upheld by the inspiring thought that, in spite of his age and humble condition, God was using him to do a useful work for his day and generation. "Never before," is his own testimony at the time, "have I been so calm, so quiet, so free from care, as by the grace of God I now am."

Although his work was chiefly for children, it was by no means confined to them. Into the life of many a rough pioneer this Sunday School missionary, with his patriarchal figure and gentle voice, came as a reminder of earlier and better days. Often he was able to awaken in lives that had grown hard and sordid desires after something higher than material gain. Now and again it was his privilege to bring back recollections of a cultured Eastern home, or to fan the faint flame of a former religious life into a warm, clear glow. The fruits of his labors once gathered into an organized Sunday School, the missionary must hasten on

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to meet the claims of still more needy fields; but he would often return, like the Apostle of old, to see how it fared with his spiritual children and to impart to them some good gift.

At no time of his life had John Adams's efforts for the good of others brought him so rich a return of love and gratitude. His name was known and reverenced over the whole State of Illinois. In the eyes of the children no one was like "Father Adams." Wherever he went they crowded around him to look up into his revered face, to hear his simple anecdotes, and to receive the books and papers which the old buggy always contained. "A godliness so simple, so warm-hearted, so earnest, so unvarying as his," writes a friend who knew him at this time, "could not but have great influence with men." It carried with it a silent force which was irresistible. The power of his goodness was felt by all who came near him, convincing them of the reality of religion, and lifting them up into an unwonted nearness to the divine Presence. He had a peculiar faculty of communicating truth so as to fasten it upon

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the memory and lodge it in the heart. The very homeliness of his illustrations, drawn as they were from the school and the farm, could not fail to attract and hold the interest of the plain but sturdy folk among whom his lot was now cast.

To younger missionaries Father Adams was a never-failing source of helpfulness and inspiration. It was he who discovered the power latent in that fervent but uneducated young man, Stephen Paxton, who later became one of the most successful of our home missionaries. To his recommendation Mr. Paxton owed his first commission from the Sunday School Union.

Sometimes, as Father Adams went about the country on his continual missionary journeys, he would encounter former pupils from the Eastern States. Great was their surprise and admiration to find that their old master, whom they had supposed long since relegated to a seat by the chimney side, was actively engaged in a second life work. After one of these pleasant meetings with Josiah Quincy of Bos-

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ton, the latter accompanied Mr. Adams to the railway station and paid his fare, saying as he did so to the ticket agent: "You should let this gentleman ride free. The country owes him interest money."

But the longest road must have an ending, and we are at length drawing near the close of John Adams's active career. The year 1854 marks his retirement from service. He had been then for fifty-nine years engaged in work for the young. As a teacher he had had under his care more than four thousand pupils. As a Sunday School missionary he had organized three hundred and twenty-two Sabbath Schools, representing two thousand five hundred and nineteen teachers and sixteen thousand and eighty-two scholars.

Slowly and reluctantly even now he put off the harness and took his place among those whose duty it is but to stand and wait. He still loved to work, he still felt himself able to be useful; but he resigned his commission because of a conscientious fear that his salary of four hundred dollars might more profitably be

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paid to a younger man. In the year of his retirement he published a "Plea for Sunday Schools in the West," which was widely circulated and proved helpful to the good cause.

His love for children never grew less. Now that he could no longer minister to them in person his affection found an outlet in frequent letters. Especially to his own grandchildren he wrote words of loving interest and wise counsel.

To a granddaughter he writes as follows :

"JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Sept. 29, 1857.

"My dear Granddaughter :

Your very welcome letter of the 10th inst. was handed me on the morning of my birthday, the 18th of September. I thank you for thus remembering your aged Grandfather. It seems that you are now housekeeper. With father and mother absent, your brother and his cousin sailing on the mighty deep, and another brother soon to enter college, you must feel lonely in a wide house.

"I hope you will not consider your educa-

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tion as complete till you shall have made your-self familiar with housekeeping, cookery, and every domestic duty and economy. You must try to make the world better by your living in it and to make others happy as well as your-self.

“ I shall probably never see another birthday. But I am not anxious about it. God will direct! My prayer and my hope is that I may be fully prepared and always ready to depart whenever the summons shall be sent; and that I may look upon death as a welcome messenger sent by my Father to call me home. That you may be eminently useful and eminently pious and so made happy, is the prayer of your aged, contented, grateful and happy Grand-father,

“ JOHN ADAMS.”

And again :

“ JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Nov. 10, 1858.

“ MISS MARY ELIZABETH ADAMS,

“ My dear Granddaughter :

“ Your name is very pleasant to me.

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‘Mary’ was the name of my dear mother, your great-grandmother, and of my first born daughter. ‘Elizabeth’ was that of the wife of my youth and the mother of my children, and also of your dear aunt who found a watery grave.* May you always honor and reflect the many virtues of those whose names you bear.

“Your very welcome letter of the 3rd inst. reached me in four days after date. I am glad to hear you say that you are pleased with your school and with your situation amid the beauties of Andover. The place must have changed much since I knew it twenty-five years ago. Alas! those with whom I was most familiar are not now in Andover. Dr. Porter, Dr. Woods, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Farrar, Dr. Edwards, and the husband of your present teacher, Prof. Edwards, all these have passed away. Soon I too shall go, being now in my eighty-seventh year. Wonderful mercy, to have been preserved so long! I have had my infirmities,

* Mr. and Mrs. Cowles perished in the wreck of the steamer “Home,” off Cape Hatteras, October 9, 1837.

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but, thank the Lord, they are few and attended with little pain and distress. Surely God is good.

“And now, dear child, in closing this short letter, I shall give you some good advice, which I hope you will remember after I am gone.

“First. Cultivate and improve your mind. This is very important in respect to future usefulness.

“Secondly. Be circumspect, humble and prayerful every day. Your eternal interest is at stake.

“Thirdly. The externals of religion will not save you. The heart must be renewed and sanctified.

“Fourthly. Look to Jesus for all your need. Believe in Him. Trust Him. Confide in Him. Love Him. Obey Him. Please Him in all things.

“Fifthly. Study the Bible devotedly every day.

“Sixthly. Pray earnestly that the Holy

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Spirit may purify your heart from all unbelief, from pride, worldliness, and every secret fault ; that you may be holy and fitted for heaven. You will pray : ‘ Search me, oh God, and know my heart ; try me and know my thoughts ; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. That the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart may be acceptable in Thy sight, oh Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.’

“ To all of this I add, Amen !

“ Your aged, contented, happy Grandfather,

“ JOHN ADAMS.”

To a grandson he writes :

“ DEAR GRANDSON :

“ You are now thirteen years old, about as old as your dear Father was when he was made willing to accept Christ’s invitation and come to Him. I remember the time well, The scene is still fresh in my memory. Oh, what joy to his parents ! Do you not think it would give

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equal joy to your fond parents to see you come to Christ, to believe in Him, to love Him and to serve Him faithfully? I look upon you as beset by many temptations and by dangers on every side. You are in the midst of evil in a large city. While you are pursuing your studies diligently and faithfully you are liable to be influenced by ambition merely to become a fine scholar and to shine in the world. By all means, be a fine scholar, a thorough scholar. Why? That you may have the ability to do good, that you may devote all your means and all your acquisitions, whether of learning or of wealth, to the honor of Christ and to the building up of His Kingdom.

“As you are the eldest child, your example and your influence will have much to do in reforming the habits and the character of your brothers and sisters. I wish you to think of this. Give my love to your dear parents and all the children.

“Your affectionate

“GRANDFATHER.”

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July 26, 1853.

“ DEAR GRANDSON :

“ It would give me much pleasure to be present at your approaching anniversary and to hear the oration of my grandson, but this cannot be. Home is the most suitable place for me. I trust you will pursue a wise and virtuous course and will feel that a good name is more precious than gold; that your character must be your own and as you make it. I want you to be a thorough and critical scholar, with a mind well balanced, of a sound judgment, well versed in every branch of college studies. Learn to control yourself, to feel your obligations to your parents and to God. If you will love your Saviour who died for you and who offers you pardon and eternal life, if you will confide in Him and obey Him in all things, how happy you will be; how useful, how greatly beloved; what a comfort and honor to your parents, to your brothers and sisters, to all your friends and relatives, and, to crown all, how happy the result when life is closed.

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“ You say you have not paid sufficient attention to mathematics. Then I would advise you to take up the subject without fail. Be thorough in every branch of arithmetic. Be familiar with every rule, able to demonstrate its truth. To do a sum in the rule of three is one thing, but to demonstrate the rule and to give a good reason for every step is quite another thing, and just so of every principle of arithmetic. Euclid should be as familiar to you as your A B Cs, and also algebra. These three studies will give you employment for more than a year to come, without looking into a Latin or Greek author. These studies will teach you to think, to think soberly, to think correctly. A thorough knowledge of these before you enter college will make all the severer studies of a college course, such as surveying, navigation, astronomy, etc., comparatively easy and pleasant.

Surely with these studies, rhetoric, etc., you can spend another year very profitably at Phillips Academy. I hope to see you this fall in Jacksonville, but as to giving you in-

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struction in mathematics, however pleasant it might be to me, I dare not make promises or give encouragement, as I know not what shall be on the morrow.

“Praying for your continued health and a divine blessing on all your efforts to prepare for usefulness and happiness, I must close.

“Your aged and happy grandfather,

“JOHN ADAMS.”

Accompanying this letter was the solution, worked out in beautifully clear figures, of an interesting mathematical problem which had appeared in the New York “Observer.”

At the request of his friends he prepared a little book of rules and maxims, called “A Treatise on the Proper Training of Children,” in which he noted down in condensed form the results of his long experience in dealing with the young. This he did, to quote his own words, “Not in the hope that I shall escape the censures of the fastidious who are pleased only with the elegant and amusing, but from a sense of duty. The aged should try to be

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useful." The Treatise was dedicated as follows :

To my Children and Grandchildren,
To my Former Pupils, wherever they now reside.

To Parents and Instructors,

To Sunday Schools,
Both Teachers and Scholars,
and

To all into whose hands it may fall,
This Little Book,
which

Treats of subjects interesting to all Persons,
is

Respectfully and Affectionately
Inscribed

By the Author.

Perhaps the wisdom in this little book was considered too homely for publication ; certainly it never saw the light. Yet parents might still draw from its pages helpful suggestions for the government of their children. Dr. Adams wrote nothing that he had not tested,

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and much of his advice reminds us of that given by a later teacher, Dr. Jacob Abbott, in his admirable book, "Gentle Measures in the Training of Children." "Do not use too frequently the language of command," writes John Adams, "but let your manner be winning and not forbidding. Reproofs uttered like the continual dropping on a rainy day will turn the tender heart of your little child into an unfeeling stone. Never fret; for this gives evidence of lack of self command, and your children will soon learn to disregard all that you say to them. Never threaten. Never scold. Do not speak ironically to your children, nor employ the dangerous weapon of ridicule. Avoid partiality. Avoid comparisons. Avoid epithets and nick-names. Fulfil every promise made to your children. The man who does not strictly comply with his promise is sure to lose his credit; his reputation will suffer. So it is with parents in the eyes of their children. You cannot guide or benefit your children unless you have their fullest confidence. Be careful in the motives

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which you present to your children. Teach your children habits of industry. One half of total depravity is idleness. Watch over their companions, and their reading.” And, finally, “Be yourself what you would wish them to be. It was a heathen philosopher, but one who understood well the value of a good example, who caused to be printed in capitals over the door of his house, ‘Let nothing impure enter, for there is a little child within.’”

CHAPTER X
EVENTIDE

*“There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he has lived, how well beloved.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER X

EVENTIDE

1854-1863

AFTER his retirement from active missionary service there yet remained to John Adams nine years of peaceful and happy life. Upon the death of his wife in 1856, he made his home in Jacksonville with his devoted daughter, Emily Adams Bancroft, and he continued with her till the end. All who knew him at this time speak of the extreme beauty and serenity of his old age. He was vexed by no further reverses of fortune, suffered from no great physical infirmities, and was cheered by the love of his children and grandchildren, and by the respect and admiration of all about him.

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By a kind Providence the wearing anxieties in regard to money matters which had beset him for so many years were now entirely removed. When Mr. Adams first came to Jacksonville he had improved the opportunity to buy government lands at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. These he afterwards sold for five dollars an acre. Many men made more, but his characteristic comment on the transaction was, "It is all I ought to make." This investment provided him with a comfortable support for his old age and enabled him to leave one thousand dollars to each of his surviving children.

Of his worldly affairs he writes in a spirit of entire contentment. "I have never been rich," he says, "and never absolutely destitute. The meal in the barrel and the oil in the cruse have been sometimes low, but never quite exhausted. I have fed, clothed and educated my children, entertained my friends, and contributed something at all times to objects of benevolence. In my eighty-second year I owe no man a dollar, and have enough property to carry me

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through the remainder of my days. I could not live more comfortably or contentedly if I had more. True, I could give more largely to my beloved children, but it is by no means certain that this would render them happier or more useful. Surely then I may be permitted to say, I have had enough. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

A granddaughter of John Adams still possesses the old red leather pocket-book from which he would often draw an unexpected bill with the sage remark, "It is always well, my children, to have a shot in the locker."

His faculties remained strong until the end. It was his daily custom to work out mathematical problems without pen or paper, in order to assure himself that his brain was in good running order. His eye-sight was excellent, and he was usually able to read five or six hours a day. He remained faithful to his early love, "Scott's Commentaries," and with that and his Bible passed his happiest hours.

"Once," writes Mrs. Bancroft, "he called

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me to him and said, 'My child, I fear you are to have a great trial.' I said, 'What is it, Father?' He replied, 'I have read through the Gospel of John, a number of the Psalms, and two of the Epistles without my spectacles, and my eyes ache; I fear I shall be blind.' I laughed heartily and assured him that there was no danger of blindness."

He was interested in all the improvements of modern times. He would watch the running of the sewing machine for hours, and say, "Thank the Lord, the women of the present day need not work as my mother did." He rejoiced in the improvements in farming implements, and would say, "Thank God that I have lived to see all this." Gardening had always been his delight, and when no longer able himself to care for his plants and flowers it was his pleasure to sit for hours watching their unfolding beauty. A rose in a young girl's dress gave him the keenest joy.

In the journal of a granddaughter who visited him in his ninetieth year we find this entry: "Grandpapa seems as young as ever. He is

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as happy as it is possible for any one to be. All that is done for him is always just right. He is very much interested in what goes on about him, even noticing my embroidery and asking about it. He often reads the New Testament through in less than a week, devouring it as if it were the latest news."

When his strength permitted, he carried on genealogical studies and prepared careful tables showing the different branches of the Adams family. He noted down those scattered reminiscences of his former life from which we have quoted in previous pages, and seldom failed to record upon the well worn pages of his journal the simple happenings of the day.

On each succeeding birthday he expressed his gratitude to God for having spared him yet another year. These birthday entries between the years 1844 and 1862 have been preserved unbroken, and form a beautiful series of devout thanksgivings. He delighted in receiving letters, and always answered them with pains-taking care. Nothing gave him so much joy

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as to hear from his old pupils that they were standing firm in the faith. More than once he had the happiness of hearing that boys who while at Andover had cared little for religion had since that time been won to a better life by the influence of his remembered words and prayers. His devoted pupil, William Goodell, often sent him news of his labors in distant Turkey. When, in 1854, Yale College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., Dr Goodell wrote from Constantinople to Dr. William Adams of New York: "I see that your venerable father has been made Doctor of Laws, and my heart is glad. I wish that he could be created Doctor of Everything Good, an honor which he richly deserves, but alas, I fear that there is so seldom a demand for such a degree that Yale will have none on hand."

Enforced leisure enabled him to watch more closely than ever before the course of political events. His memory carried him back to the days when the thirteen colonies were united under the heavy pressure of war. It was with

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fear and grief inexpressible that he saw upon the horizon the gathering cloud of secession.

To his son, Dr. William Adams, he writes :

“ JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS,

“ April 21, 1861.

“ Yours of the 17th inst. has been received and perused with much interest. I thank you kindly for thus writing me, giving so many facts respecting yourself and your family.

“ In respect to politics, I can only say, oh, my country ! My country ! What troubles, what calamities are brought on thee by the disappointed pride of a few discontented and ambitious politicians !

“ Secession is wrong ! If in this case it be defended as correct or justifiable, then anarchy is inevitable. Any state or portion of a state, any minority, if dissatisfied with the majority on any account whatever, may secede and declare its own independence. All confidence will be lost, and constitutional treaties, contracts, compromises and solemn oaths will become worthless.

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“ But I cannot express to you all my fears, regrets and anxieties ; I can only pray that God in great mercy may interpose, superintend, direct, control, and bring about such a result as He sees will be for His own glory, for the best good for our whole country, North and South, East and West, for the cause of civil and religious liberty among all nations, and for the spread of the Gospel the world over ! To this end I hope that you and all who love our country will join me in a hearty Amen !

“ Remember me to your colored servants ; for, if they are not citizens, they doubtless are human beings, and like ourselves bound to appear at the judgment bar. If not permitted by law to give testimony against a white man, in the court of Heaven it will be different.

“ Your aged, contented and happy father,
“ JOHN ADAMS.

“ P. S. My health continues to be very comfortable, and I am entirely free from pain and distress, thanks to the Lord ! I have nothing to fret me, nothing to trouble me but

A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOLMASTER

my own defects and want of pure and holy motives.

“Love to Martha and to all your dear children. I love them and pray for them every day.”

In 1854, at the solicitation of his children, John Adams sat for his portrait to a New York artist. This picture, which is now the most satisfactory representation of him in existence, hung for some years in the study of his son, Dr. William Adams. About 1870 it was presented by Dr. Adams to the Board of Trustees of Phillips Academy and was placed by them in the great Assembly Hall.

A unique token of regard was sent to him in 1857 by the young people of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York. This was a quilt, pieced by forty little girls, and quilted by forty young ladies of the congregation. Upon each piece was inscribed the name of one of the donors and a verse of Scripture. The gift was accompanied by a letter expressing the affection felt for Father Adams by the

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children of the East who had been told of his labors for Sunday-schools. To this letter John Adams replied :

“ Your very welcome communication of the 28th reached me safely on Saturday last, accompanied by a precious token of esteem from forty darling children and forty beloved young ladies. This ingenious and admirable New Year’s gift has taken me by surprise. I am overwhelmed; I feel myself utterly unworthy of such tender sympathy and affection. I know not in what language to express my gratitude to all those who have in any way contributed to this wonderful quilt spread before me. I can scarcely read the divine mottoes for the tears which fill my eyes. I have all your names before me, and my prayer is that you may be true penitents, that you may come to Christ, believe on Him, love and obey Him while you live, and trust Him to care for you when you come to die. It gives me pleasure to hear that you love your pastor. Pray for him much that he may not labor in vain. Great is his

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charge and awful his responsibility. May he be faithful to the lambs of his flock and to his Lord and Master."

As old age advanced, Dr. Adams was often confined to the house by increasing infirmities, and his place was left empty in the church of which he was an elder. But his counsel was still sought by his associates, who seldom undertook any matter of importance without first consulting Father Adams. Young men and those who were older came to him with their trials and disappointments and went away refreshed and strengthened by his simple faith in the goodness of God and in the overcoming powers of "hard work with prayer." He himself seemed to be in almost constant communion with the Unseen. "He was often engaged in prayer both silent and audible," writes his pastor, "in which, as the end drew near, his fervency and earnestness increased."

On New Year's Day, 1859, after receiving many visitors, he was taken ill, and for a time great anxiety was felt for him, but he rallied

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and was soon his serene self again. Perhaps it was at this time that a little incident occurred which is related by his daughter Emily. As his children stood about his bed one of them suggested that some stimulant be brought him. His eyes opened and he whispered, "No, my children, no; I am afraid I might not find the gate."

To his departure into another world he looked forward calmly, as to the passage into an adjoining room. He often spoke of it and of the arrangements which were to be made after his death. To his son William he writes :

"JACKSONVILLE, August 4, 1858.

"In answer to your confidential inquiry I would observe that it is in itself of little consequence where my body is laid. If it should be so ordered by Providence that I should die in New York or in the East, then I should choose to have my burial in Andover, by the side of the wife of my youth and mother of my children, and amidst other dear friends. But if I die in Jacksonville, which is altogether proba-

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ble, it seems to me that it would hardly be advisable to remove my body so great a distance, as the removal would be attended with considerable expense, and would necessarily excite melancholy feelings on the part of relatives and friends. For myself, I have no choice to make. I leave it entirely to the decision of divine Providence and to the wishes and choice of my beloved children. Amen ! The time of my departure must be near ! ”

On the 28th of September, 1862, Dr. Adams celebrated his ninetieth birthday. The last entry of his carefully kept journal reads as follows :

“ This day I enter my ninety-first year. The year just closed has been one of trial and deep solicitude. My country ! Oh my country ! I do not expect to see peace restored during the short remainder of my way, but I am earnestly looking forward to that everlasting rest which remaineth to the people of God. God

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reigns. He will accomplish his purposes. Amen and Amen."

Mrs. Bancroft writes to her brother, Dr. William Adams, the following description of the birthday celebration :

"The day Father was ninety he opened his house to his friends. He was seated on the sofa in the parlor, and everyone who came in was taken up to him. To the gentlemen he gave his hand, but the ladies he kissed, saying: 'Did you ever kiss anyone before who was ninety years old?' Of course, this made a great deal of merriment. Father was the life of the party. When it was time for the entertainment no one under sixty was permitted to go to the first table. Some went in on two crutches, some on one, and all had at least a cane to lean on. When all were seated Father offered prayer. Such a prayer I have never heard—clear, comprehensive, beautiful. There was not a dry eye in the room. Before the prayer Father said: 'If any of the numerous

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friends who are here present wish to ask me any questions in regard to my hope or religious experience, I should be happy to answer them.' All smiled at the thought of questioning one who had led so godly a life. Father is cheerful and happy. He eats and sleeps well. He sends much love to the members of your dear household."

"I formerly thought," writes John the aged, "that if I lived to be old I should become fretful, morose, unhappy myself and making others unhappy." No fears could have been more vain. In fullest measure was the promise fulfilled to him, "At evening time it shall be light."

At the close of his life his heart knew no gloom or bitterness, and his face shone as if already reflecting the light of a brighter world. He felt himself very near the gates of pearl. Often when retiring he would say to his daughter Emily with a smile, "Good night and good by, my child; I may leave you before the morning." During his last illness he said

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to her: "Do not let my body be removed after death. Lay me on the prairie where the Sunday School children whom I love can visit my grave." On the morning of the day he died he asked what day it was, and on being told he said, "Then I shall spend next Sabbath with my God."

On the 24th of April, 1863, he passed peacefully away, his last expression being one of assent when asked if he were happy.

As soon as the news of his death was made public, many of his eastern friends expressed the desire that his body should be brought to Andover; but in accordance with his own wish it was laid to rest in the cemetery at Jacksonville, the scene of his later labors. The children of the State of Illinois wished to contribute the fund for his monument, but that privilege belonged of right to his grandchildren, to whom in an especial manner he had been as "an Amen of the Bible—one in whom all God's precious promises had been fulfilled."

In the chapel of Phillips Academy there hangs a tablet, the gift of his granddaughter,

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Mrs. John Crosby Brown, of New York, which reads as follows :

In memory of
John Adams, LL.D.
Born at Canterbury, Conn.
Sept. 18, 1772
Died at Jacksonville, Ill.
April 24, 1863
Principal of
Phillips Academy
Andover
From 1810-1833



Behold thou hast instructed many
Job, 4:3

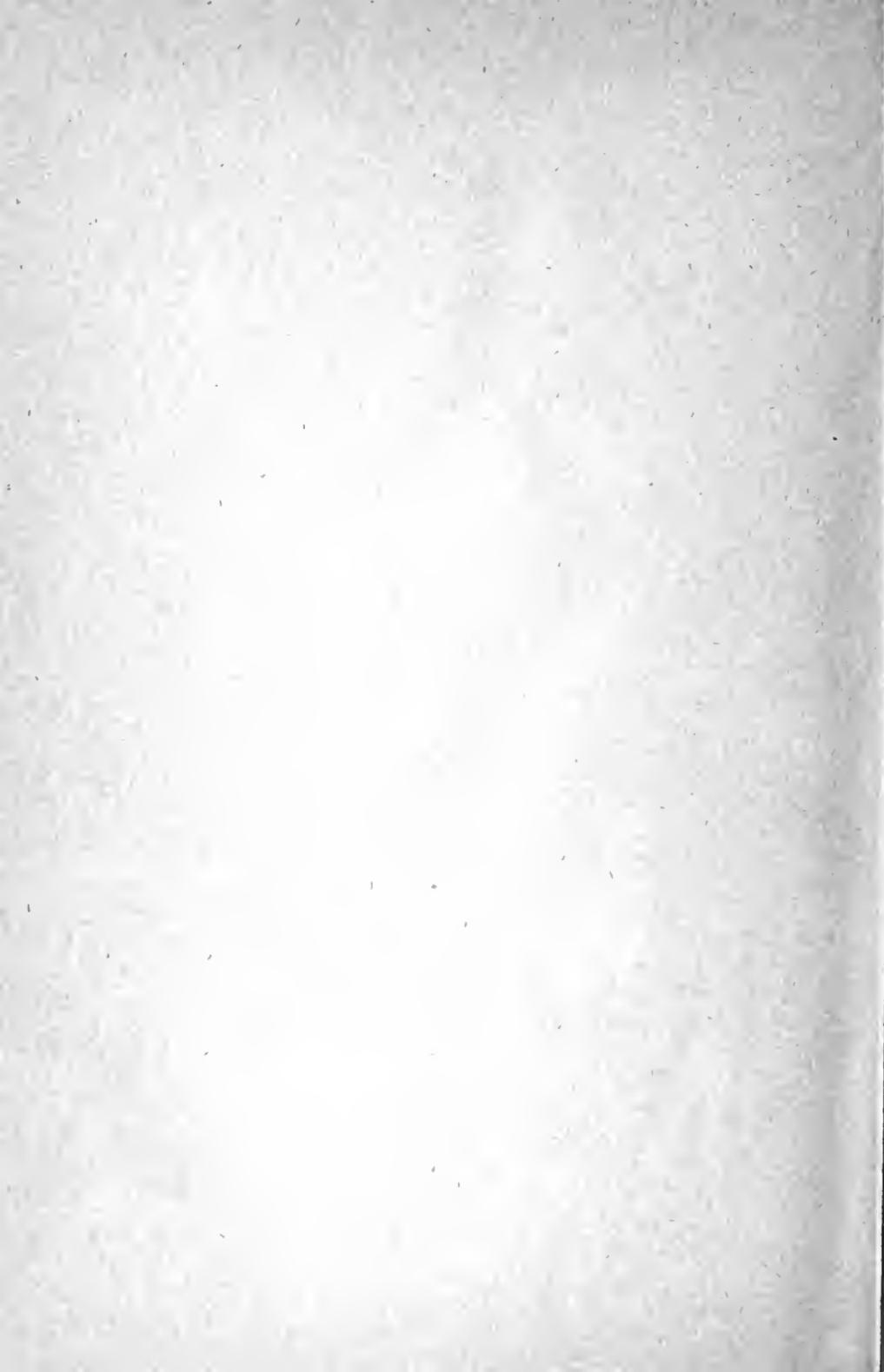
But his most characteristic memorial is the simple stone which marks his western grave. It is of Quincy granite, brought from his beloved New England, and upon it is written

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the epitaph which he himself had dictated many years before his death. "Do not place any title upon my tomb-stone," he said, "but write :

A LOVER
OF
CHILDREN
A TEACHER
OF
YOUTH
A SINNER
SAVED BY GRACE."

*Memorial Tablet
in Bartlet Chapel, Andover*



In memory of:

JOHN ADAMS LLD

BORN AT CANTERBURY CONN.

SEPT 18 1772

DIED AT JACKSONVILLE ILL.

APRIL 24 1863

PRINCIPAL OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY

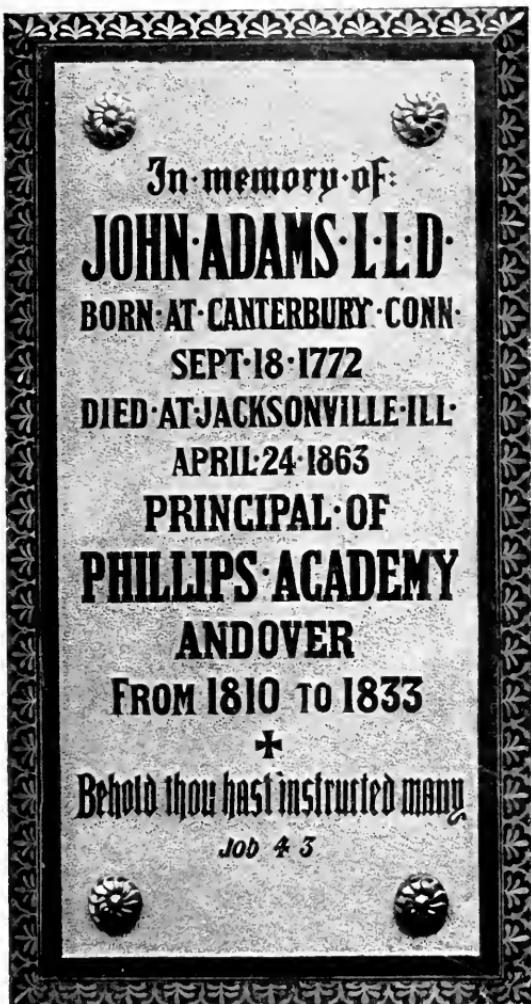
ANDOVER

FROM 1810 TO 1833



Behold thou hast instructed many

JOH 4:3





GENEALOGY



GENEALOGY

I

ANCESTRY OF JOHN ADAMS

- 1 Henry Adams, of Braintree, came from England about 1633.
- 2 Peter, b. in England, 1622; m. Rachel. He settled in Medfield 1652, his wife, Rachel, and son, John, coming with him from Braintree, Mass. His house was burned with others by the Indians in 1676. He died about 1690.
- 3 John, b. in Braintree, Mass.; m. April 2, 1685, Michal Bloice, of Watertown, Mass.; (recorded in Watertown as "Myehall," dau. of Richard and Mychall (Jennison) Bloice, also "Bloyce"); b. April 3, 1664; d. April 14, 1752); removed to Canterbury, where he died Feb. 26, 1724.
- 4 Capt. John, b. in Medfield, Dec. 14, 1695; m. 1733, Mrs. Abigail (Cleveland) Brown, dau. of Josiah and Abigail (Paine) Cleveland, b. in Canterbury, Conn., June 3, 1715; d. Dec. 19, 1782, in her 68th year. He died in Canterbury, Jan. 16, 1762, in his 66th year.
- 5 Capt. John, b. in Canterbury, Feb. 12, 1744-5; d. Dec. 10, 1818; m. (1) at Putney, Vt., Oct. 5, 1769, Mary Parker, dau. of Joshua and Jemima (Davenport) Parker of Needham, Mass., b. Sept. 23, 1747; d. Oct. 11, 1798, age 51; m. (2) Nov. 2, 1802, widow Hannah Faucet (or Fassett) of Brooklyn, Conn.; d. Feb. 9, 1821, age 65. He had children by his first wife:
 - i John, LL.D., b. in Canterbury, Conn., Sept. 18, 1772; m. (1) May 8, 1798, Elizabeth Ripley, dau. of Gamaliel and Judith (Perkins) Ripley, a lineal descendant of Gov. Bradford, of Plymouth Colony, b. March 12, 1776, d. at Andover, Mass., Feb. 23,

GENEALOGY

1829 ; m. (2) Aug. 30, 1831, Mrs. Mabel Burritt, of Troy, N. Y., b. July 15, 1779, d. July 17, 1856. He died April 24, 1863.

ii Capt. Joshua, b. in Canterbury, Dec. 4, 1774-5; m. July 12, 1801, Abigail Sabin, dau. of Jonathan and Mary Sabin, of Pomfret, Conn., b. April 27, 1780. She m. July 2, 1814, John Parkhurst, and died at Woodstock, Conn., Nov. 23, 1843. He died Aug. 3, 1813.

iii Mary, b. in Canterbury, May 27, 1777 ; m. Isaac Morgan, of Canterbury, Conn. She d. March 31, 1832.

iv Rev. Parker, b. in Canterbury, May. 6, 1779 ; m. Oct. 31, 1811, Frances Mary Coit, dau. of Thomas and Frances Mary (Baker) Coit, b. Jan. 28, 1785 ; d. in New York, May 20, 1846. He died 1835.

v Abigail, b. in Canterbury, Oct. 31, 1781 ; m. Deacon Reuben Bishop, son of Joshua Bishop of Lisbon, Conn., b. 1783 ; d. Dec. 10, 1855. She d. Oct. 3, 1847.

vi Anna, b. in Canterbury, Jan. 7, 1784 ; m. George Monteith of Pennsylvania. They settled at Ellsworth, Ohio, where she d. Nov. 6, 1865.

vii Moses, b. in Canterbury, Sept. 28, 1786 ; m. about 1814, Sarah Paschal, dau. of Dr. Henry and Ann (Morton) Paschal, b. in Wilmington, Del., July 14, 1787 ; d. in Ellsworth, O., May 24, 1873. He died at Greensburg, Pa., April 10, 1828.

viii Luceba, b. in Canterbury, March 20, 1789 ; m. Sept. 21, 1813, Harvey Allen, b. Sept. 28, 1789 ; d. Sept. 3, 1868. She died at Princeton, Ill., 1878.

ix Aurelia, b. in Canterbury, March 10, 1793 ; m. Dec. 5, 1814, Elijah Woodward, son of Moses and Lydia Woodward ; b. in Griswold, Conn., March 4, 1785 ; d. Jan. 23, 1858. They removed to Ohio in 1832, and to Oregon in 1851. She d. Sept. 29, 1851.

x Charles, b. in Canterbury, June 11, 1795 ; d. at Statesburg, S. C. Jan. 20, 1821.

GENEALOGY

II

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN ADAMS

I Mary, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. April 7, 1799; m. Sept. 18, 1821, Rev. Daniel Hemenway. She died Feb. 4, 1873. They had children :

- i Mary Adams, b. July 16, 1822; d. Dec. 15, 1885.
- ii Sarah Elizabeth, b. March 12, 1824; m. June 10, 1845, Edwin Holman, and had children :
 - 1 Charles Edwin, b. Oct. 28, 1846; m. Sept. 28, 1876, Jennie Elizabeth Blair, and had children :
 - (1) Mary Elizabeth, b. Dec. 29, 1878.
 - (2) George Edwin, b. April 25, 1881.
 - 2 Mary Abbie, b. May 6, 1848, m. June 30, 1870, Elmore A. Kent, and had children :
 - (1) A son, b. July 26, 1871, d. July 27, 1871.
 - (2) Norton Adams*, b. July 28, 1873.
 - (3) Albert Emmett, b. Jan. 20, 1876.
- 3 Rev. William Henry, b. Jan. 19, 1852; m. (1) Nov. 21, 1877, Mary Elizabeth Warner, who died June 22, 1879; he m. (2) July 21, 1880, Clara E. Colburn, and had children :
 - (1) Margaret, b. April 22, 1881.
 - (2) John Adams, b. Jan. 9, 1883; d. March 9, 1883.
 - (3) Ruth Colburn, b. Sept. 26, 1885.
 - (4) Clara Hemenway, b. March 16, 1887.
- 4 Alfred Lyman, b. Dec. 28, 1854; m. Nov. 25, 1885, Lucy C. W. Hall, and had children :
 - (1) Cecile Alexandrine, b. Aug. 30, 1886.
 - (2) Doris Elizabeth, b. July 10, 1888.

iii Miriam Walley, b. Jan. 13, 1826; d. March 27, 1883.

* Graduated from Yale College in 1895, one hundred years after his great-great-grandfather, John Adams, LL. D.

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iv John Adams, b. Feb. 20, 1828; m. Feb. 18, 1858, Eliza Maria Rising; they had children:
1 Georges Cowles, b. Nov 21, 1858; m. July 12, 1897, Elinor Foster. She died July 3, 1898.
2 Henry Rising, b. March 17, 1862; m. May 6, 1885, Mary Eliza Sheldon, and had children:
(1) Mary Elizabeth, b. Aug. 9, 1887.
(2) Henrietta Rising, b. April 26, 1893.
(3) Helen Sheldon, b. Oct. 24, 1894.
3 Egerton, b. April 27, 1868; m. Feb. 10, 1892, Martha A. Fuller, and had a child:
(1) Marjorie Fuller, b. Oct. 6, 1894.
v Elizabeth Ripley, b. May 13, 1830; d. Sept. 13, 1887.
vi George Cowles, b. Dec. 8, 1832; d. Dec. 11, 1834.
vii Daniel Egerton, b. Dec. 24, 1841; d. Nov. 21, 1862.
II Gamaliel, son of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. July 2, 1800; d. April 29, 1802.
III Rev. John Ripley, son of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. March 20, 1802; m. Feb. 19, 1833, Mary Ann McGregor; he d. April 25, 1866. They had children:
i John McGregor, b. March 11, 1834; m. July 12, 1864, Jane R. King. She died Sept. 14, 1899.
ii Elizabeth McGregor, b. Oct. 1. 1836; m. July 27, 1864, Rev. Edward Strong Dwight; she d. July 4, 1879; they had children:
1 Marion McGregor, b. Dec. 15, 1865.
2 Julia Strong Lyman, b. Dec. 2, 1870.
iii Albert Egerton, b. Aug. 22, 1840; m. Sept. 5, 1873, Elizabeth Livingston Steele. He died Jan. 4, 1896.
IV Ripley Perkins, son of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. Jan. 11, 1804; m. 1831, Hannah B. Tobey; d. 1847. He d. April 30, 1870.
V Elizabeth Ripley, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. July 7, 1805; m. Feb. 13, 1828, Rev. George Cowles; they were both lost in the steamer "Home," Oct. 9, 1837.

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VI Rev. William, son of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. Jan. 25, 1807; m. (1) July 13, 1831, Susan P. Magoun; she d. May 22, 1834; m. (2) Aug. 12, 1835, Martha B. Magoun; she died June 13, 1885. He d. Aug. 31, 1880. He had children:

By his first wife:

i William, who was b. and d. Nov. 25, 1832.

By his second wife:

ii William, b. Sept. 10, 1836; d. Dec. 1, 1836.

iii Thatcher Magoun, b. Nov. 25, 1837; m. Jan. 5, 1871, Frances Robbins.

iv William, b. Jan. 31, 1840; m. May 14, 1867, Helen Coolidge. He d. July 14, 1888. They had children:

1 Henry Coolidge, b. Feb. 9, 1869; m. Feb. 7, 1891, Clara Corlies, and had children:

(1) Dunbar Wright, b. Nov. 15, 1891.

(2) Dorothy, b. March 2, 1893.

2 William, b. March 26, 1870; m. Jan. 1, 1894, Alice C. Greenleaf. They had children:

(1) William Adams, b. Sept. 25, 1894.

(2) Lewis Greenleaf Adams, b. Nov. 23, 1897.

3 Thatcher, b. March 23, 1874.

4 Margaret, b. March 31, 1876; m. Oct. 25, 1898, Lewis Stone Greenleaf.

5 John Brown, b. June 19, 1877.

6 Thomas Safford, b. Sept. 11, 1879

v Mary Elizabeth, b. May 30, 1842; m. Nov. 9, 1864, John Crosby Brown. They had children:

1 Rev. William Adams, b. Dec. 29, 1865; m. March 30, 1892, Helen Gilman Noyes, and had children:

(1) John Crosby, b. Dec. 22, 1892.

(2) William Adams, b. Nov. 14, 1894.

2 Eliza Coe, b. Sept. 8, 1868; m. Nov. 9, 1887, Rev. Edward Caldwell Moore, and had children:

(1) Dorothea May, b. May 13, 1894.

(2) John Crosby Brown, b. April 12, 1897.

3 Mary Magoun, b. Dec. 22, 1869.

GENEALOGY

4 James Crosby, b. Sept. 28, 1872; m. Oct. 13, 1898, Mary Agnes Hewlett.
5 Thatcher Magoun, b. March 8, 1876
6 Amy Brighthurst, b. April 28, 1878; m. Aug. 24, 1899, Henry Lockwood de Forest.
vi Susan Magoun, b. Feb. 28, 1847; m. Feb. 8, 1872, Eugene Delano. They had children:
1 William Adams*, b. Jan. 21, 1874.
2 Martha Magoun, b. July 24, 1875; d. Aug. 17, 1876.
3 Moreau, b. June 14, 1877.
4 Caroline, b. May 6, 1879.
5 Susan Magoun, b. March 13, 1883.
6 Eugene, b. Feb. 26, 1887.
vii Henry Stuart, b. April 8, 1849; d. Oct. 10, 1852.
VII Harriet Hannah, dau. of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. Jan. 14, 1809; m. Nov. 7, 1832, Rev. J. Q. A. Edgell; she d. May 12, 1866. They had children:
i Susan Elizabeth, b. April 11, 1834; d. Sept. 11, 1839.
ii John Adams, b. Nov. 13, 1835; d. July 28, 1839.
iii George Cowles, b. Aug. 8, 1840; d. March 17, 1851.
iv Harriet Elizabeth, b. Oct. 19, 1847; m. Oct. 19, 1869 Edward Carter Chamberlin. They had children:
1 Alice Adams, b. Sept. 4, 1870.
2 George Ephraim, b. Jan. 17, 1873.
3 Louise, b. March 4, 1876.
4 Caroline, b. Sept. 26, 1878.
5 Mary Edgell, b. Dec. 2, 1880.
6 Harriet Adams, b. Oct. 12, 1882.
7 Edward Carter, b. Sept. 6, 1885.
8 Stephen Edgell, b. Feb. 9, 1889.
VIII Abby Ann, dau. of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, born March 10, 1811; m. (1) Sept. 1, 1833, Rev. A. M. Egerton. He died _____. She m. (2) June 9, 1842, Richard McAllister Orme. She d. Nov. 1, 1890. They had children:

* Graduated from Yale College in 1895, one hundred years after his great-grandfather, John Adams, LL. D.

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i Mary Elizabeth, b. Feb. 6, 1844; m. Nov. 2, 1769, Rev. William Flinn, D.D.; she d. Aug. 8, 1871; they had a son :

- 1 Richard Orme, b. Aug. 8, 1870; m. March 8, 1898, Anna Emery.

ii John Adams, b. Dec. 27, 1845; m. April 15, 1874, Olivia J. Bates.

iii William Archibald, b. Jan. 10, 1849; m. Nov. 12, 1872, Susan Heath.

iv Anna Ripley, b. Sept. 27, 1851; m. May 4, 1880, Charles P. Crawford. He d. 1900. They had children :

- 1 Mary Abby, b. Feb. 6, 1881.
- 2 Mabel Hamilton, b. Sept. 3, 1886.

v Edward Dunning, b. Feb. 27, 1853.

IX Emily Jane, dau. of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. Jan. 2, 1813; m. May 8, 1845, Joseph H. Bancroft. He died May 20, 1899. They had children :

- i A son, b. Aug. 15, 1846, d. at birth.
- ii John Adams, b. Aug. 15, 1846; m. Dec. 17, 1872, Ollie Downing. They had children :
 - 1 Zula, b. Feb. 5, 1874.
 - 2 John Adams, d. Feb. 19, 1876.
- iii Joseph H., b. June 13, 1848; d. Oct. 28, 1848.
- iv Emily Adams, b. Sept. 25, 1849; d. Oct. 15, 1853.
- v William Adams, b. Aug. 26, 1860; m. Jan. 19, 1888, Emily B. Topping. They had children :
 - 1 McGregor Adams, b. Nov. 25, 1888.
 - 2 Gladys Topping, b. Feb. 2, 1894; d. Aug. 5, 1894.
 - 3 Lora Atwood, b. Aug. 16, 1898.

X Henry Parker, son of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. April 30, 1815; d. April 5, 1816.

XI Phœbe Phillips, dau. of John and Elizabeth (Ripley) Adams, b. July 24, 1817; m. Sept. 8, 1840, William A. Campbell. He d. Nov. 5, 1859. She d. April 25, 1843. They had a child :

- 1 Emily Adams, b. July 25, 1841; d. Sept. 26, 1842.



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